

Spirit Pages

MESSAGEBOARD

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Greg R. Norton

NEW DIRECTIONS IN THOUGHT

WHEN I WISH TO GO UNTO the empty page, in
receptivity, and in discernment... I
can. To know, in this way, of ones' own unique past
present future relationship picture,
then writing, should be amongst your choices. (You
just should put the effort in... you'll

grow, and learn of your mind, as time passes.) As this old world, will surely play its cards, concurrent unto that which I might place upon the lasting media... I should watch, and refrain from straying, too far from the standard norms. And, then, too, living within an troublesome world, can sometimes blind, ones' consciousness and expressions, into putting imbalanced expressions, onto his or her lasting media. An blind side. But, as the future issues clear, you'll probably find, living with an 'zestier,' artwork behind yourself, isn't really all that bad. For you'll see, how the troubles, really weren't with your artwork, but issued, from far distant lands, and corrupted systems. So, in looking for directions, for positive thinking, tonight, I glean, just so much, from the turning passages of moments, within this room. So, I allow my mind, to wander, occasionally

sitting within nature, to see, and feel, the moods, found
within the fauna, about this
place.... this is an lifelong pursuit... allowing myself,
to be enfolded, within nature's
abundance. When once, one appreciates, the gradual,
incremental unfolding, of
moments, arising and passing beyond view, you'll
surely find some rest, for your heart,
and soul... as just whom can say, for sure, of the mind,
of God... whether of one thing, or
another... the vexations, and concerns, of the mortal
lands, here... while pretty
captivating, unto those who live... are surely but
shadow glimmers, unto the heavenly
hosts... as this unfolding, I feel, is at the heart of our
perceptions of space-time... you'll
surely wish, to find an lasting medium... one through
which, to record the arising, and
passing away, of the years... upon our planet, the
Earth. The more I think, about some

things... the worse, then, they begin to appear. So, but
our infinite Heavens, has, also, an
realm of shades. As one has embraced this unfolding,
and with discernment, seen
through, the ins and outs, of the songs, which are to be
found, within his or her soul, so,
might he or she, in time, arise into an more fullfledged,
understanding, of this Earthly
station... its parapets, and pinnacles.... its spires, and
pennants... and then, with some
belief, simply, re awaken, into an higher land... where
there is an much more conscious
appreciation, of the subtler, more invisible, flowings,
of an aetherial ground... while yet
retaining, our Earthly workings... for the better, or for
the worse. This, too, I think, may
be the understanding, of some life journeys, which I
most commonly tend to find... this
of an multiplicity, of universes... and this is being
bourne out, from within the studys' of

quantum physics, and theoretical physics... but
science, has, in truth, really never, as
yet, offered conclusive evidence, nor refute all, for an
'dream continuum,' it's really,
just that I've myself found, just a great deal, of
meaning, in my life, from within, the
thoughts, around the notions, of how our physical
beings, are, perhaps, our externalized
souls... given life, and existence, by the sacred union,
of male, and female... and this is
just so important, to have seen... thusly, do will and
desire, to live again, give rise to
existence. So, these are some ideas, this good early
Autumn morning. To peer within,
through this writing, I can go unto the empty page,
with stylus, and see, and feel, then,
how ideas come forth... whether with some
forthrightness, and surety... or more slowly,
and watchfully. Following completion of an large
project, new written words, will be

slower, in fermenting, indeed... as this time is chosen,
for resting... and reflecting. But,
today, it occurred to me, the idea, of how, "It's only
through the actual practice, of an
artform, in real time... that benefit will be found,
here..., " 'getting your wheels turning,'
and the ball rolling, in the direction, of new thought,
onto the page, being the quality,
you're looking for.. the process, of such. You'll then be
gifted, of having an new work,
to think upon, and dwell around... while benefitting
from the heights, of experience,
which accompany this process. So, then, both goals,
will be met. 'Stream entry,' is an
term, which I've seen used, to describe the beginning
of an artistic dance... somewhat
like unto, entering carefully and cautiously into the
meandering current, of an stream, in
an kayak, blending into the flowing, of the current,
along the stream. Knowing, how

time, is an fluid variable... you'll allow the passage of time, to gradually develop, the writing, of its own accord... you'll but need to make incremental changes... to be given an new essay, or song, or painting. While, we tend to want to believe that 'art imitates life,' it's also true, how young people emulate artists. If art imitates nature, do animals, then, emulate humans? But, it may be true, how nature, sometimes takes on an ugly demeanor, or even appears to expressly threaten our plans. The thriving of human society, itself, relies largely upon our having carved out unique, individual relationships, unto the cosmos... and in the abiding, harmoniously within, such nature, from year unto year. And with some current world events, tending to lead one into re analysis... it makes good sense, in my view, that I've had, often, to reaffirm, within my higher mind, and

consciousness, an healthy faith, and belief, in the answers, which come to light, with regards to certain ultimate questions, those of our species, have had to satisfy, over the ages... questions around human mortality... grief and loss... even the usual pains and grief, which we all, probably have seen within the years, of our seniors, in our society.

Aging, itself, is, in essence, bodily decay, and deterioration... and most every adult, will have already come to some reckoning, with this notion... indeed, even the healthiest, among us, one day, will face final decay, and cross the threshold, separating the realms.

So, these are the answers, I've been finding comfort within, lately. Certain news stories, which we sometimes read, bring us unto such great questions, and re evaluating... and, as I stated, above... an re affirming, of the knowledges, which can liberate our minds,

from subtle doubts, and fears... which sometimes plague the creative... is important. So, these thoughts, are within my mind, this good night. It's Oktoberfest time, here in the Northern Hemisphere, and I'm finding how, the yearly seasonal gatherings, and celebrations, are most restorative to think around... and with myself, living an good deal closer, to my parents, than last year... I'm relishing the coming times with anticipation. As Autumn, has an way, of reaffirming, and bringing forth, of the cornucopia, of yearly blessings, and some retrospect, and overview, as an new day, and year, is shown to be... the blessings and gratitude, of the year end times, I generally await, and look forward unto... and the new beginnings, and abundance, within my life... as this time also, frees, myself, to begin with new plans and dreams. Anyways, just some thoughts, this good

evening. In ones looking upon the vast landscape, of popular arts, craft media, traditional artistry, and classical arts traditions, accompanying just all human societies, since neolithic times... the critic, always must keep in mind... how art is almost always crafted, in response, unto interior, esoteric experiences, within the artists' own mind, and consciousness... experiences, which, as in the more primitive, art stylings... have left indellible markings, upon the artists' consciousness, and which he or she, then has to communicate, unto another, or lose sight of sanity. Only since the advent, of the popular series style, for productions, which are given, almost exclusively, for the entertainment industry, of profitable mass media... have our cultures meandered, away from the arts of inner experiences. At least, our popular entertainment industry, is usually geared around

regularly meeting the broadest demographic concerns,
and this is why, I feel, that the
internet, has been so popular... changing even the
styles, and the the ways artists and
producers, are thought of... the titles reserved, now,
not only for an select few, but for
almost anyone, and everyone. So, to enjoy usage, of
computers, and image capture
devices... right away, is to be in entertainment...
publishing, of ideas, and media, as
something to do, has been hand ed down, back unto
independent artists, representing
themselves... the torch has been passed back, into from
whence it arose... the infinite sea,
of consciousness, which upholds, and underlies... and
which can nurture, the wise.

Anyways, just some ideas. Well, the days have gotten
past, since I began this journal...

it's now less than two weeks, until Thanksgiving, and
our Autumn, has brought the land,

here, an cold snap. To look, upon the styles, your stream of consciousness is showing...

you'll find that through having an single point, around which your written nearnesses, and distances, are seen to be delved, you'll glean much insight, with experience, as to how this days writing, compares unto other, earlier projects. If this is seen in the freshness, and immediacy, of an self similar, style, of objectivist neutrality... or from an more dramatic, or literary retelling, or narrative... you'll find yourself, through this output... and thereby be ahead of the others, while setting forth definite handholds, and footsteps, into your future. As reading, or listening back, unto yourself, will be an source of strength, and uplift... the self nurturance, you'll find, will also fill you in, upon the contemporary times, as they relate unto yourself. So, you'll see, 'stream entry,'

into an creative path, at an young age, will have many pay offs, later, within an more prolific, self-awakened avocation. In case you were wondering, this quality, of working... of learning to 'play the passive role,' in creating... for many, doesn't come about, overnight... but instead through 'many many trys, at the goal,' and solely through 'learning good paths, only over time,' will one consciously improve his or her techniques... and his crafts. As I have tried, to convey, any path way of enlightenment, is, or at least was, for myself, an gradual acquainting, or re acquainting, of myself, unto spiritual principals, which the 'soul blindness,' as another contemporary writer has described it, of the years, following the density, and thoughtlessness, and carelessness, of youth, had stolen, the 'better half,' of that same youth and left myself, 'vanquished,' and bereft, of the

basic bliss, and wholeness, all men
and women require to live happily... naturally... I've
seen how, having been through all
of that, I know, intuitively, that 'people take drugs,
because they're in pain...' (This
saying, will almost always be true.) Anyways, just
some thoughts, around how the
'playing of the feminine role,' and getting in step, with
the best individual future for
yourself, generally tends to lead an youth across an
wide range, of life terrain, on the
way, unto an more beautiful, self-responsible, en
nobled... and enabled existance... it
should be clear, how within our materialistic, self-
centered, consumer based, society,
there will be souls, whom fail, the tests, of time, and,
who then, buffeted by the
turbulent wends, of happenstance, and fate... drop out
of society, in an ever-downward
path, of harmful, self-injurious addictions,

isolationism, pain, and excess. When an
outreached hand, can reach, such an one, and pull him
or her unto safety, within the
systems of social security, our countrys' constitution
calls for, then, this is an good day
indeed. And this one will be, then, the self-motivated
writer, or artisen... getting in step,
with the classical, the timeless, universal background,
really does have its own defeats...
and its own saving graces... an soul, just may have to
travel around the world, to just get
back unto where he already was. So, these are my
thoughts, upon that. Anyways, the
New Year is here, the old, is passing away, and we're
along on our way into January.

The coldest, so far, this winter, was earlier, last
November... this weekend has been
cloudy... while mild temperatures, have kept our region
from experiencing much real
winter. Colder arctic air, however, is expected to come

our way, by the middle of next week, so we'll probably get our share, of frosty mornings. Anyways, all for now. Have an good new week.

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Here's an idea for you:

An organism, if it is to dwell most effectively, within this material world, has so many distinct tasks, and jobs, for the upkeep, and good health, of itself, (within the material world,) and, so, given of these distinct, specific needs, and requirements, the various body systems, organs, glands, membranes, and all of the other wonderful elements, which let it live long, healthy, competitive existence, here upon Earth, simply... miraculously... providentially form themselves, from the embryonic stage, on up through birth, and into normal, healthy development, unto full maturity. Our lives are the

expressed forms, of our soul patterns... the soul pattern expresses the organism into existence... maybe, through tapping the free energy, of an du odd. These ideas, form the gist of probiotics. This way of seeing, proposes, also, that through healthy diet, positive thinking, and cleanliness and hygiene, we can make subtle, even profound changes, within our destiny. When ones' destiny is seen as the view, from through an powerful telescope... presuming the present resources, generally continue to work in your favor... then perhaps, just by making simple amends, within ones present station... say, for instance, beginning an healthy diet, which reduces the harmful acidity, within ones digestive tract, and blood stream... or by practicing positive thinking, as you see, within every area of your daily life... or beginning an hobby, such as photography... and

thinking less about your blaming, and more about changing only that which you can change... giving back... then, the morph, of ones' life path, can be rescued... and destiny improved. Here's an example. If you wish to reduce the cellulite, on your belly, and your hips, you can approach the task, partly by wisely neutralizing, the harsh chemistry, in your digestive tract, and bloodstream, fortifying, the micro organic biome, of beneficial life, within your gut flora, you see... gradually replacing the hostile, parasitic microorganisms, which crave sugar, and brown fatty meat, with the cooperative, microorganisms, which keep your diet healthy, naturally... in your stomach, and gut, has wide ranging, long lasting beneficial implications, for stabilizing an system in decline. So, you see, had you never stopped, an minute, to consider the 'natural intelligences,'

present within the grand design, you may never would
have seen this. So, and living,
has brought, myself, through this region of thinking. I
would also direct these pages,
into the applying, of my own unique acquired, and
innate, natural wisdoms, and
knowledges, upon 'the art of writing,' as such... since I
myself, find the topic to be so
captivating. I was given a book, so many years back,
which, I feel really helped to bring
about, an world of growth and change, within my life,
through journaling, on this topic,
and which, like my earlier reading, from ten years
before, offered up, an bountiful store,
of aphorisms, and poetic observations, upon the human
soul, and spirit, but while
applying, those abstract, poetic principles, in an
practical sort of way, namely, in
writing. We may not think much, about the balance,
and sense of flow, intrinsic within,

safe, pleasant 'moving meditation,' or the wisdoms,
which an experienced writer, might
would show, unto pupils, in an creative writing class,
(such as in allowing, an outdoor
light source, such as the sun, to bring you through your
article... the 'second opinion,'
nature offers, like the doctor, whom confirms, you
don't really have cancer, just an ulcer,
such as this has many times, brought me over and
through an 'stagnant writers' block,' on
along into the completed essay...) the 'natural
intelligence,' found within natures'
kingdom. Our skies, here, tonight are clear, the air...
crisp, and cold. Tomorrow we'll
find frost, on the grass, and windowpanes, as we
awaken. This is late January... there's
only one month, before March brings green frog
sounds, to the night, and leaf buds, to
stem tips, and the ever popular flowering trees, burst
forth their blossoms in our yards,

and along the path. So... but February, sometimes brings, the harshest coldest weather...

so, we shall see. You'll find much finer communion, with the 'little people,' the vast

spirits, of nature, when we begin an writing, or journaling, path... as in how, all of life

and nature, appears to rejoice, when the home team, completes an win... or the sports

holiday, like the Super Bowl, sets the sports world buzzing... and all of Nature, a twitter.

Paths, unfold their many-fold intricacies... and echoes of light reflections, but only in

time, and over time. I've myself been shown, how, 'Time only is immense...'

Spatial distances can be traversed... with an powerful enough telescope... we imagine we

can see the very fringes of the universe... only, the faint light has been travelling for

billions, and billions of years, to reach our eyesight.

So, and this thinking, has led me

unto thoughts of the sweet hereafter, as well... heaven
must be like an restful, impartial
sort of place... an subtler wavelength, where, one
blinks, ones' eyes, and years and
years... centuries have passed. So, you see how, in our
society, the distances which
separate, worlds of life, sometimes are great... (as, I
think, one finds, between young
and old...) the divisions, in our society, can be great...
and the ways, through which
people deal, with local, state, national, and world,
issues, and concerns... interior, and
exterior strategies... (When we see more of certain
socio economic, and other class
distinctions, whom, having been through
developmental issues, or trauma, deal, with
living issues, in an inward fashion... the society itself
maybe appearing to turn upon
itself... as shown in lands near, and far... cannibalistic,
self destructive images, in the

media.) So, anyways, just some ideas. Having knowledge, can be an great power... it's just in the ways in which it's put to use... bringing minds together, in symphony, and resonance... and not straining, the 'ties that bind...' in other words, for myself, keeping to sincerety, and openness, and not going onto the slippery slopes, of half-hearted neglect.

The 'manic' person, is the one, whose voice keeps getting louder... he can't find approval.

As one develops, an more easy going relationship, unto the passage of time, you'll see, how such is an relative concept... why do, in an single night, what you can accomplish in an month? So, why not give it more time... the work will be stronger, you'll appreciate the composition process, itself, for instance... rather than just the hard copy... the finished chapter. Life is best appreciated, within the living, of it... and not so much,

within the dying parts; contrivances... usage of narcotics, or sexuality. Real writing, to myself, includes at least some of the writers' or mediums acquired knowledges and wisdoms, being imparted, into the work... as suggestions, which may be recalled years later... thusly allowing the youth, to solve the puzzles, at his or her own pace. Some guys, will struggle, all of their lives, to an extent... in learning, by dint of experience. In the doing, and failing, enough times, an soul arrives, as if by default, at the answers, unto the particular riddles... this will be part of, the nature of enlightenment. Life, can at times, be a sorrow, but as the wise sage him or herself taught... 'We should 'cherish our sorrows, and troubles as we would our own body... for without a body, what troubles could we have then?' So, see? This afternoon, while having a quick sandwich lunch, in

our kitchen, my eyes fell upon the inside surface of a
baking pan, resting in the dish
drying rack next to the kitchen sink. I noticed an surge,
of sorts, of visual information,
like an large download, into my brain, from the
acquired patina, and stains, which were
upon the pan... I felt myself, to be looking, through an
window, or portal, onto another
world... an woodland scene, appearing all covered in
snow, seemed so real... such that I
felt as if I could just open the door, and step out into it.
An spontaneous mystical
experience... or just me? As the climate change
discussion pivots around, first to the
left, and then the right, those whom pay close
attention, unto the weather, from week
unto week, don't have to be told: this ever-changing
planet can best be likened unto an
very mean, and mighty old man... the feminine,
nurturing qualities, of Gaia, which we

are shown, are, perhaps the only comforts, we can really show ourselves, after having dealt with the terrible forces of nature. And, then, we'll probably never really deal, with nature completely... our survival depends, upon our ability to adapt, unto its power.

Nature itself, survives only through adapting, unto its environment... and this too, is

survival of the fittest... natural selection. 'Our power over nature, consists largely, in our

ability to place labels, and descriptions, onto the features, we find, therein...,' We can

build our dwellings, to withstand tornadoes, and earthquakes, but what shall we do,

when the rising sea levels place it at the bottom of an inland sea? Or extreme glaciation,

places such at the bottom of an quarter mile of ice? So, you too, see, the dire

predicaments, presented within certain possible futures... as the geologic records may

show. Anyways, just some thoughts... all for now.

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Looking into the subtleties, of the mind and consciousness, requires an sensitivity, unto the finer shades of light reflection, within our beings... and an receptivity. If you can recollect, the intelligences, which most make ourselves human, are found, with surety, within the soul, and, maybe, most importantly, within the spirit. These within ourselves, are the 'inner lights,' which, when they have been in harmonious concert, have guided those of our kind, since before time began. (These, being the willpower, and impetus, to bring together, the dreams of the age, into cohesive designs, and expressions...) Being sensitive, unto this realm of being, requires, over time, an setting forth, of an great desire, to write. This can require many, many efforts, at writing... but, the best way,

maybe, will be to allow the human mind, to develop natively... as the true nature, of its unfoldment, will always be most like leaves on an tree... it will happen in its own time... and from within itself... and from within its own impetus. Regardless, of whether an person is developed fully... regardless of parenting style... there will be an lot of good, within the cultivating, of spiritual oneness... it just remains to be seen, whether natures' own wisdom, has parallel. I write these words, partly to move forward, with this project. If you can find kinship, within these ideas, then, this is probably, because you find that the way of thinking within them, is progressive enough to be thought sound. You may turn around, and find that your thought computing, is improving, as time progreses. So, you probably shouldn't neglect, the opportunity to write, when it comes up. The main

issue, which will be preventing me from beginning writing again, will be my contentment, in my present portfolio. You'll search your heart, and find no other impediment. So, you should always, keep pen and paper close at hand. To know of my own best past-present-future relationship picture, I can, for instance, go unto the empty page, in writing. I suppose, that the most satisfying reward, in my life today, comes, when at the end of the day, I have writing, or musical audio text, to show for the time. So, you should know, this will be the primary gain, a day can show, from my perspective... so, see the quality? At any rate, one can grow, his or her sense of self-worth, and personal value, by staying in touch, with an writing, or artistic pathway. Today, things in my life, come around, most gracefully, when I am upon my writers' or

musicians' course... and not floundering, upon the
rocks, of this coastline. When I think,
I've found all, which the good day and time, will show
me... I then have but to change,
my perspective, an bit, for another view. As we travel,
over the landscapes, of this
world, we are at times, met by phenomena, which defy
our comprehension... you should
remember, however, the way that most any culture, or
community... vanguard or
maveric... will eventually find this, too... no matter
how dilligent, and thorough, is the
managment... there , will be those, whom would
impose, or bring stricture, upon, or
against such. Knowing this, can bring an contentment,
for, we can know, ordinarily, that
most things, in an good land, are the way they are, for
real reasons... So, it always helps,
to think... extensively... before contradicting the
values, of those in higher stations. I

have thought, how, in using the metaphor, of an cell wall membrane... some organisms, and particles, pass through, and others don't... you see how, if a powerful, or impinging agent, tries to get through... and succeeds, such is probably an development, within the larger organism. This may be seen, as being like an hiker, or nature photographer... whom has to watch his step, and duck his head, or quickly retrace his steps, if he encounters a poisonous spider, or snake. So, see? The hikers' chemistry, quickly changes, to an alert reaction mode, as adrenaline surges through his neural and muscular system. So see? Aristotle, the Greek philosopher, believed, that all movement, depends, upon first being moved, or acted upon, by an outside force. He thought of this 'prime mover,' as the 'source of religion.' The paths, of naturalism, and the imaging,

upon media, of nature, are no trivial undertaking. No matter how versatile, and ingenious the photographer, nature will never fit completely inside an picture frame. But, she will draw you back, time and again, to cultivate her soil... and image her beauty. It really seems to me, that, no matter how elaborate, and richly detailed, is the portrait... the ever-more troublesome, and chaotic, will be the shadowy realms, on the coins' reverse side. So, and even this very vision, is probably thought to be folly, for the finite and the rigid, will always be humbled, and awestruck, by the equally infinite graces, of nature. The beginning writer, won't comprehend, necessarily, the work of writing. How, as one feels called, to begin again, it will be like an chipping, or working away, at the block of granite, to reveal the 'form within the form...'

the writing within the page. This will, hopefully be an
sort of subtractive working back,
from posits of thinking... gradually arriving upon the
best written portrait. With many,
many tries, at the goal, of successful writing, in this
fashion, thusly good, well-balanced
work... with an good future... flows through your hand,
and stylus. To know more, of
what ones' own higher mind, and subtler consciousness
is expressing, in the now, and to
be able to place such, in written fashion, upon an
notebook page.... the easiest paths, for
yourself, might include, also, expressive writing,
music, and painting, or sketching...
expressive dance, pottery, and sculpting... but many,
many folks might just like meeting
new people, and, as an very good example... enjoying
an hobby of reading, or even
cooking for ones' own family, or others... these ways,
will almost always, lead to greater

happines, and richer fulfillment. Well, the month is June... the month, when summer time, comes in, upon the coat tails of spring. I sit here, indoors, enjoying the light music in my ears, and thinking of the fashioning of this essay. As the year turns around, later, unto the autumn and the winter, and again into the spring, what new vistas, will we see, and learn of? To know of ones' own mind, remember to respect it, as an imaginal land, of sub creation, but also, as an place of feelings, and of finding balance. Don't ever compromise, or jeaprodise, your honesty, for your needs, for physical satisfaction. This way, you'll avoid ever biting off too much, or going outside your set boundaries. It stands to reason, that I should endeavor, to keep my artistic, and literary creative life positivistic.. and refrain from drawing upon darkness. As much as I am able, I should

stay with openness, and bright thought... as
surrounding myself, with this goodness,
leads only to happiness. In reflecting, over various
ideas, of the recent weeks, and
months, in my life, today, I have again come across
thoughts, of how the manifest
heavens, themselves, (for self respecting peoples,
today,) may have, as an intrinsic
quality, the nature of an stale mate, which can be
decided, by heavenly desire, belief,
and perception, of such to be. Hence, the statement,
'The belief, in a thing, from having
observed, or perceived it, as extant... somehow, itself,
lends, or gives unto the thing, its
physical mass...' is true, and, may, in fact, account for
the elusive 'missing mass,' in our
universe... Belief, is born, both of desire, and
perception. I feel, that the desire which is
at the apex, of the life cycles, of beings, and
organisations, here on this Earth, as we know

it... is this of needing, an Eden, of habitable climates,
within which to dwell... within
which to drink cold water, eat hot, savory meals, and
feel the warmth of our star, upon
our face... this desire... or lack thereof... then, appears
to work, upon the malleability of
perception... to bring about such Earth... and begins
cultivating belief, in man, and God,
as we find such to be. So, see, then the way of how
heavenly desire... perception... and
belief, are entirely inter-woven, within this material
world? And, so, the God particle?
The Higgs-Boson... our observation, of the quantum
world... then , in an way, then, itself
lends it its physical existence. (The missing mass, of
the Universe, per se, might be the
desires, and perceptions... and the attendant beliefs, of
all those, whom have gone
before, and of those, whom ever will be. The desire,
perceptions, of the manifold

powers, of an good God. This, might be the missing mass... its wonderful latent potentialities... its intertwined, invisible awarenesses... upon this Earth, Moon, and stars.

Wouldn't this, then, be such particle?) The 'God particle,' which, when infrenced to be present, in certain relationships, ('the perceiver, and the perceived,' for instance,) lends, as an almighty heaven can, unto the material cosmospheres, its mass? Could, then this material cosmospheres, basically, be an permutation, of an great amount of latent energy... shaped, and formed, partly, at least, by heavenly desire... perception... and belief, for such to be? (Heavens' powers, within the limitless void of empty space, to shape and mould, the spheres, and their movements, through this galaxy.... I think are essentially almighty. Seeing this, is important. Heavenly desire, I believe, can be apart,

and distinct, from the sinful desires, of mortals.) I think, that this works, in the correlate ways, as well... I do feel, that our inner life, is commonly shaped, by the perceptions, and expectations, of those about. But these are musings. I may be able to excell, at musings of this nature... but this says nothing about whether I could learn the modern style book for, nor confront the great work, of writing an scientific paper. (Because, mainly, my back problems would probably preclude me from sitting endlessly at an word processor keyboard... learning the modern style book for academic scientific writing, would be something else entirely.) Anyways, just some thoughts, this sultry June evening. To look upon a broad panorama of past times, is to delve, into an real mixture, of ideas. You'll then carry with you, the memories, of this time of reflection. It

may be necessary, then, to labor, making many
fruitless attempts, at cohesive art, music,
poetry... media work, is difficult. Within the worlds, of
broadcast, film, or performance
arts... you'll see the importance, in time, of making an
clean, accurate mirroring, of
anything which come forth. Due to the fact, that there
will be those college freshmen
and women, for instance, who will be enshrouded,
within an dark cocoon, of self
alienating, spiteful presences about themselves...
(Mistakes, and misdeeds...) it is true,
how making mistakes, in life, is par for the course...
and the 'magical child,' will be, or
may be, an student of life, and experience... and
therefore, separated, early on, by great
distances of time, from the more advanced levels, of
this course... hence the great need,
for the seeing of an great potential, of value, within the
'troubled child,' to an extent,

despite the hazards. And exercising great patience.
And, the 'troubled child,' will, at an
age, tend to give up, upon his dreams of the realizing,
of cohesive, professional quality
self expression, and may, instead, take up an path of
self destructive, habitual, self
medicating tendencies. So, but the great spiritual love,
and patience, looking down,
upon all beings, and life on Earth, as the good God, we
know, would have it, can guard
and keep an youth, with an firey sword, of protection...
ensuring his or her safety, and
that of those about. (As avoiding all serious injuries,
and legal problems, and keeping
ones freedom, are prerequisites, to ever really learning,
and growing, into any school, or
pathway, at all... the youth should be taught, above all,
respect, for all human life, and
given understanding, of the sacredness of all life, in
general, and to respect the law.

These crucial wisdoms, will be more powerful, than the chains, of addiction, and co dependency.) So, and when one can survive, the turmoil, and mistakes, of the 'lower bardo,' (kamic self displacement, and the density and persistance of the illusion of separateness,) he or she may enter the strange world, of spiritualism. As the basic principals, here are shown, ones long range course unto future happiness, grows ever more on track... however many wicked interior years, such may require, to flower.

Here, then, within this transient, in between realm, is introduced Aris totles 'prime mover,' the 'outside force,' acting upon the young person, from an place outside, spoken of earlier. As for my thoughts about the times beyond inception of this deep anguish, little may conclusively be stated. There will be those whom possess the wits, and

graces, to survive... and others whom dont... so, no guarantees. The future will be uncertain... the complete release, from ones agony of ignorance, just out of reach. This is the place of harsh contrasts, and foul, smelly temporary fixes. But each night, has its morning. Unshackled, then, one will have an acquired depth of appreciation, for that which is regained, that which already was. So, for myself, in drifting back down, into this quiet bliss, in my life, I went, then immediately into pursuit of that which I had drawn upon, over my early beginning years, of hero worship... dreams of new modern music, and literature. I was then home free, and while the path, then, has had obstacles, since then, I'm never far from the source. So, here you have an esoteric sketch, of one of the 'rites of passage,' for the sinful soul. As an additional note, I should say, that as 'art

imitates life...' it may be conversely true, that life sometimes imitates art, and artists... as seen in the adulation, and mimicking, which young people show pop stars. (the obedient following of fashion trends, seen in the exalting, and walking like the artist, by the youth.) As an correlary duad, ask yourself this... if art imitates nature, then could one say, then that nature emulates art? Probably not, as the timeless ways of nature, have always been seen to be unchanging. (I see, however, the ways in which nature sometimes appears to expressly frighten, or even threaten ourselves, with her awesome, sometimes chaotic power.) (You may remember the analogy, related, in the previous book, by me, of how the ocean voyager, sets out upon his or her sailing, because the weather is favorable... and not the other way around. Seeing this way, is important for

freeing oneself, from karmic desolation.) Well, all for now. Have an safe and pleasant July.

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I have come, to embrace, digital technology, as such is as much an part of my life, as having an car, and an girlfriend, was unto myself, at age 16. My walk man, is replaced, by my m pea 3 player, and the pocket keypad, with access to the internet, I envisioned in year two thousand, has become an every day reality. As the saying goes, Without even going beyond your door way, you can know of all things 'neath the sky... the wisdom that comes only through the passage of time, is comparable, unto the binary sphere... the realms of computers, internet, and smart phones. And, it appears, also, that this wisdom becomes expressed best, into the aims of eventual journaling, and creativity... when you

can entrain your mind, to know, instinctually, those moods, and interior states, when the quality of going unto the empty page in writing, is greater than, that of not, doing so...

you'll time and again, ascend, as if by steppes, of a pyramid, unto an completed written essay, or book. And this art form, when done effectively, will be, an purely higher dimensional assay, of both ones esoteric cosmos... as well as exoteric world, and heavens. As I sit writing these words, this pleasant, early September afternoon, I'm impressed, by my creative enthusiasm... my willingness, to write... and to begin anew.

The patchy clouds overhead, alternately cover the sun, and allow full light... giving an somewhat milder feel, to the heat of the day... which would otherwise, be sultry, and languid. Maybe, the importance, in my mind, of picking up again, with my journaling...

and in the communion, this affords, within myself...
takes presadence, over my wishing,
to find new status... I'm writing, mainly to please
myself. Becoming participant, within
my subconscious, and unconscious thinking, now, is an
extra benefit. So, you'll see,
when you refrain, from going unto the page, until
you're sure, you're doing so, for
yourself, solely... and not to please others... you'll then
find real satisfaction, to be more
so, within the process, of writing... than in the
completed article, or essay. And, when
your writing is given only as in when you really feel
like writing, you'll not make foolish
assumptions, or predictions. Anyways, these are the
key guidelines. And, following this
way, doesn't hardly ever include, writing pages upon
pages, in one sitting... you'll see,
finding an phrase, or an sentence, or paragraph, at a
time, may be all you'll do, at once.

This early autumn, has brought for us, an cloudy,
rather wendy morning; the sky
appears, at this present, to hold snow, but in reality,
our temperatures, are around
seventy two, and our forecast calls for sun. With a
crying baby, you should replace the
coarse blanket, with the cotton one. Autumn into
winter, is many peoples preferred time
of year, and with the serious wildfire, and drought
conditions, found in the north western
parts of our nation, which are so prevalent there, any
change, even snow, will be an
moisture replenishment, which is appreciated. To know
of the most prescient worries,
and troubles, weighing upon your subconscious, on this
day, or any day, going unto the
empty page, in writing, is your best bet. Because, then,
you can succinctly encapsulate,
and distill, these natures, into an lasting expression,
which can then be, with some effort,

perfected, into multi media. But this may require work,
and an sort of an tri axial
implementation, of writing. For instance, last week,
our information sources told us,
that the were two or more moderate earthquakes in the
western North American region,
during that time... and, seeing how my thinking, for
several days now, has been
somewhat muddled, and mired down, even painful,
these two factors, seen in the
perspective, of this mornings' eight point three
magnitude quake, off the Chilean coast,
of South America... this could suggest, that these
quakes could be presage events. But,
maybe not... as the North American bedrock, is
comprised, of generally larger plates of
rock... with the western fault system... the San
Andreas, moving frequently, and only in
small increments. However, we've known now, for
some time, how the eastern North

American fault system, the New Madrid, could make a rapid, and more abrupt jolt type of shift, at any time, since it moves much less frequently... and could therefore move a large distance, all at once. So, this is compelling to think about, for myself. Anyways, whatever will be, will be. I just feel rather encompassed, by this present distortion within my cognitive subconscious, and cognitive spheres. This morning's clouds, seem to be less... as intermittent sunlight, is coming through. (Instead of saying, the clouds, and rain are intermittent... saying how the sunlight is more or less frequent, cast the days weather, in a better light.) When we shape our present written expressions, along the lines of What if? and I hope not!! you'll then find how the ensuing written thoughts, from there, appear more or less agreeable... or an mixture, of the two... with this

hypothesizing... you'll then garner much insight, into the contemporary future picture...

and how this appears to make you feel. (This is written discernment, based upon trial

and error type experimentation.) So see? But, this is really, so subjective... maybe, we

should just remember the rule, of how the cup is always at least half full, and of how

having faith, for those going through hard times, is about the all around best answer. I

can remember, the time in my life, when I was really hurting, with spiritual pain...

nevertheless, this was a crucial, and necessary term of time, for me, as each night, does

have its morning, and I was, providentially, brought out of the dark tunnel, and back into

the lush, green, garden. I think, it was the guru Ram Das, who spoke most clearly of the

hourglass... of how blindness, and pain, always closes in to an narrow, sort of point...

just prior to opening back out into the comfort, peace,
and rest... this, you'll find, to be
the best way, to illustrate, some kinds of passages,
within many creative life pathways.
Maybe, it could be said, how so many artistic souls,
will find this sort of effect... coming
to terms, with the wisdoms of your particular path,
you'll find, is part of growing up, into
this, and with some time, and experience, anyone can
recognise, these experiences, as
for what they are... (and what they aren't...) you'll then
not be so confused, nor misled
by surface appearances. For example, in the autumn of
nine teen eighty nine, I was in
my second year of collegiate academic studies, and
began experiencing headaches.
These sorts of headaches confused me to no end... my
school work began a decline... my
projects grew disorganised, and chaotic... I began
isolating, and dumbly thought that I

had a brain tumor... something was growing inside my head... I couldn't think clearly.

This was, I now know, an early artists' experience, which I easily see, today, was the form my prescience took... it was pointing, unto an serious Los angeles earth quake, which young people today probably dont know of.

There were many, many fatalities, as it was an serious event. An two level toll road had collapsed... the upper onto the one beneath. Many cars were compacted instantaneously. It was simply a traumatic event.

At the time, my wisdom was so underdeveloped, I couldn't make the connection, that my headaches were pre science, of that. This took another ten years, to develop. Basically, you'll just want to apperceive, that journeys of life, are really so many, and when you find your own pathway... this, then seems to be the key, to the development of real

maturity... until your interest becomes really piqued, by something, you may wander, or drift, like an cloud in an gentle breeze. anyways, if I worry about a thing, too much, this sometimes has the reverse effect, of making the thing appear worse, than it really is. As an adolescent, I was overly concerned, with my personal appearance. My clothes didn't fit right... My hair looked like I had combed it with a fork and a knife... for I always used a hair dryer, sometimes futilly drying, rewetting, and drying several times, and using hair spray, and just generally ruining the nature of it... in every way. Each morning, as I went to meet the school bus, it was burnt smelling, and oily, from over styling. Oh, and the hairspray I used made it rigid, and I felt miserable. This was every day, of my teenage life. I was so out of step with things... I hated having to get up early

enough for all of this havoc... for, my mind wanted to be free. Anyways, you get the idea. This is not a problem, today, but on some days, when the seismic, tectonic change is upon peoples minds... I get flash backs. So, but, as the song goes, On a clear day, you can see forever. When I wish to know, more of that which is within my heart and soul... within my subconscious mind, I can go unto the empty page in writing. That which comes forth, will be respective unto the encompassing subcultural fabric, my own experiences, and memories, my guiding ideals, and beliefs, as well as the real natures, within the physical environment about myself, and future self. When I wish to write, around a set topic, or theme, I can do that... but this will always be shaped by the other factors. But, I should never unload negativity, or anger... or allow my inter personal life,

to enter my writing. Anyways, I will find some outlet for creative expression, at a point.

But, maybe, I like the process, of writing, or painting, as much or more than the finished

piece. But, you'll definitely find both goals, to be important. This morning, I got into

some thoughts, around the topic, of ufology. I

definitely can see how, as mankind's

reach, has extended, not only into the wave particle

nature of the visible universe, but also, skyward, and

heaven toward. As the private

aerospace field grows, more and more peoples, will

have real ability, to escape Earth's

atmosphere, and gravitational field... and as space

travel, becomes more frequent... I can

easily see, how ufology will not become any less

spoken of, and experienced, but more.

An great realm, of contact experiences, will open up...

as the pristine or untouched

environments, of our moon, and the other planets, are

increasingly viewed, and stepped
foot upon. In the year twenty two hundred, will there
be ongoing investigations, into
anamalous sightings, and experiences, around lunar,
martian, and venusian colonies, and
bases? As this expansion of human presence, into these
areas happens, and, as nuclear
power, is, I think, presently, the only, or best way of
generating lots of electrical power,
for long trips... this sort of populating, of space, with
human artifacts, and ever
advancing technology, will undoubtedly have possible
long term environmental
ramifications, and therefore, anamalous sightings, will
increasingly be an factor, in this
sort of space travel, and human expansion. So, you
see? The extra terresterial
hypothesis, is perhaps more relevant, today, than
previously, within this epoch..

~

Rising to meet the work of creating poetic self expression, isn't easy, and isn't often kind. This might not be a magical process at all... instead something more like machining, or brick laying... a craft, or a trade. Keeping one's processes simple, and your footsteps sure, and measured, allows for pure, eloquent allowance of both the primitive depths, and the diaphrenous, wispy heights, of imagination, which can be found within sight of the minds eye. I write, partly, to move forward with this project... and partly to ascertain, factually, a few ideas about the recent past present - future harmonies and relationships. As any new cogent, written expression will have lasting staying power, and permanance, the words will be significant, as such, and will be definite signposts, of past present and future times, shedding clear luminescence upon the features therin. You

should see how the ease, and willing grace, in which
these words reflect upon
themselves... being the loudest part of my 'sphere of
influence,' I'm subtly attenuated
unto what ever, if any, flowing, sonar us qualities, and
most any righteousness, shown,
this early spring evening... as these words, do reflect
real and actual path ways by
myself... an kind of an intellectual fabric, upon the
parchment of these pages... perhaps a
comforting blanket, about my shoulders. And, I have
indeed found how, stepping off of
the merry go round periodically, can have such results
as, an reaffirming of my own
good faith in myself, and raising my consciousness of
my own wholistic wellbeing...
with this reawakening, of the sense of how I've settled
upon this path, through much
patience, practice, and experimenting... knowing
precisely what good things I want, out

of living, I'll really not ever, as long as long life and health allow, stray from this way.

So. And, in general, I have found how in writing... and setting forth definite handholds, and reference points, where previously, there has been only unconscious and subconscious machinations... one is charting a straight and stronger course... than was in any way suggested, by the unknowns, and questions, which the present times of themselves reveal. So, and you see? These are the questions we all must face, in our own time, and the burden is so much easier to carry, then, than when doubts, and unanswered questions, appear to grow in size, and number, and changing world conditions, appear to loom. You should see, how change, itself, is almost always a constant... you can't develop, or implement new technology, software, or multimedia,

without encountering, or seeing change. New development, is initially shunned, by the governing boards, and regulating agencies. The patent process is tedious, and lengthy..., available real estate quickly picked up by the conservation groups. The environmental protection agency just has strict rules, for new industry... As you see, without you nana muss opinions, on climate change, there's not the clear consensus, as some take the longer view, and others perhaps, the short. The regulating agency takes the longer view, this is true, but the thought of suffocating, from excessive amounts of CO₂ in our atmosphere... on an civilization wide scale... (the more CO₂ in the atmosphere... the more plants grow bigger, stronger, and disease resistant, this is true, but the idea of our civilization being smothered, by excessive carbon dioxide at the peak of our

development, is so bad -) You see? Just so we give ourselves plenty of lee way, in the safe zones, around optimum oxygen, and optimum CO₂. This is the idea. And keeping the optimum balance, is important, and too, being capable and prepared to make adjustments, and return to optimum, should there be a precipitating event, like a supervolcano or an asteroid impact. We, I think, know these things, happen eventually... just being able to get behind the right changes, to bring the balance back, is of importance. So anyway, You see the ways the discussion plays out. And back unto the essay at hand presently... one may sojourn into the highly objective areas of industry, and land development, agricultural, ranching, and industrial lands... and getting back into the effort with which this writing is coming along, whether more easily, or with difficulty...

uplifted, within good grace, or with more effort...
climbing uphill. So, and these two
sides, to writing, you'll come to distinguish one from
the other... learning your way
around your sixth sense, as such reveals itself to you.
So, and when, then, I'm ready to
return, in writing, unto the empty page... I will have
gained mastery, over the previous
expressions... and will be ready to forge, additional
complementary thoughts, onto the
page. So, and this is the moment I await; finding the
stylus and paper ready, and at my
service another paragraph comes effortlessly forth.
We're watching the weather, today...
as the south westerly, or the north westerly usually
brings rainy, low pressure fronts,
across our region... this is very typical, here, however,
sometimes, Gulf systems, like
hurricanes, come from due south. The southerly
breezes, and rains, appear, at times, to

interact with the colder, north westerly jet stream, and this can cause turmoil... funnel

cloud patterns, and rolling, twisting interaction line patterns, where the two meet. But

our rain now, from due west, is pretty well lessened, and neutralized, by our stable high-

pressure system, and should pass on through later tonight, and early tomorrow.

Anyway, these thoughts are within my mind, tonight; I put them to paper. Do you ever

have times, when you're seeing and experiencing an migraine... But you don't feel

physical pain in any way... no physical symptoms, only an highly distracting sort of

tactile pressure, upon the sides, of your head, around the ears... pressing inwardly...

you'll find these sorts of migraines during times leading up to and around seismic events,

of any kind? Maybe, seismic events, can occur within any group, or system of ordering,

geological, astrological, collegiate, corporate, political, familial, or medical areas, an virus outbreak, or an earthquake, or an weather event... these things are often foreshadowed by human and animal prescience. It may be important for you to see how this sort of lateral pressure, can be indicitave also of, simply, the mental labor with which new original artistic work begins... this may be important... 'walking a mile in anothers shoes,' may be the doorway, through which original writing is given... mental labor can mean simply putting walking shoes, on my feet, and setting forth. But, as I sit writing this presently, Japan is reeling from aftershocks from an geological seismic event, last night. The largest of the quakes, which came after the first one, was much bigger, and dozens, of people are said to be buried in the rubble. Many may still be

alive, and this adds to the tension, and panic, as these are being pulled out. The problem could quickly become worse, as an additional earthquake, on our side, of the Pacific, in South America, has struck today... 24 hours after the ones in Japan. This fault line, extends north, from Equador, there, and becomes the San Andreas along the west coast of North America. This volcanic ring of fire around the pacific basin, sees more small and midsized quakes, than anywhere else. Well, anyways, we're almost at the end of April, here, and last night, and today have brought numerous storms, some of them severe, to Kansas, and Arkansas, stretching down to South Texas, and Louisiana, and these storms, weakening, now, should cross our state tonight and into tomorrow. It's been almost five years, now, to the day, since one of the most severe tornado outbreaks

on record struck the middle of the nation, and made its way, as long travelling twisters, to our region, doing most damage, south of here, and north. So, And as I see these tornadic storm fronts, crossing our land... four of them already, within this 30 day period, presently... I can easily see how this journal, is being led, into more timeless, and ethereal lands... such as those which can be seen, and known of, through the minds eye, and imagination. As I peer forth, from through the windows of my vessel, within this oceanic sea of consciousness, all is enfolded, within this realm, of endless free association, and spatial communion. The depths of this oceanic volume, have been travelled, by myself, in times before... only now, am I more aware, of the dimensions, and colors, of my soul. 'To know greatest contentment, is to grow older gracefully, and

to better appreciate, the width and breadth, the boundaries, and limit less qualities, of ones mind.' I am surely finding this interior way, to be much more fertile, now than the objective, real world accounting, which I've made the better part of this audio book, so far. So, and particularly, as dangerous storms grow more frequent... I'm led into this interior, imaginative land. So, and this etherial land, as one grows more tranquil, and clear... will be seen as a place of all meanings, and significancies, all harmonies, and polarities. Maybe, it will be experiences, as spirits in this material world, which, when recollected, in the ethereal, serve as the real inner truths, the oft found hardened barriers, and boundless spaces, by which minds dwell, and abide... looking outwardly, into the mists, and shadows, beyond. Ordinary life, when experienced throughout good times,

and bad... happy, and sad... seems to just include a measure, of pain and vexation. As people, with our hyper cortex, our hyper consciousness, are at times, confused, by the glaring lights, within our subconscious, and unconscious minds, and therefore impelled into the bright, burning candle light too soon... as well, as smoothly going, upon placid waters, you see, then these imaginative states, are sometimes suffused with contrast, and sameness... pleasure, and pain. So, for myself, presently, the sometimes long weekdays, and nights, become almost always annointed, and soothed, by the comfort, and serenity, of weeks end. And, if this is the best the time provides, then so be it. For since the mortal experience of the etherial worlds about our selves seems so singular, within what appears to be a shadowy hall of mirrors, echoing reflections, and energetic beingness,

one can truly know... he or she will never walk alone,
anywhere he might travel... in the
whole universe. "And this is something which I, too,
desire, and believe." Our desire,
perception, and belief, in a thing, lends such its reality.
This is a principal, which
modern particle physics, and theoretical physics
supports, unanimously. 'Knowing the
truth of a thing, one doesn't depart from it... and that
same truth makes you free.' This
statement can be likened unto how, in seeing the smile
of a person, and in at once
hearing their smiling voice... you'll easily travel with
them, through good times, and
bad... as your faith in them arises and subsides, and
arises again, you'll remember the
'keys to their heaven,' and you then won't be misled,
into dislike, by their moodiness, or
ugliness... as these are an part of life, at times, and
hopefully can be overlooked.

This, too, can be seen as in how, 'By fully knowing your self.... inwardly, as well as outwardly, (and in easily identifying the oft encountered 'not self,') you'll, rather than giving up, if at once you fail... return unto your comfortable familiar paths... despite the biting wends, and rip currents we sometimes face, in creative paths... in keeping them alive for yourself, to enjoy.' And as the pen is mightier than the sword... it's also mightier than a lot of societies' value and quality assessments. This saying is so true, as indeed, the stylus, or pen, can be key to a great power, over time, when seen in retrospect. The mind, eye, hand relationship uses the stylus, in writing, or recording, the flowing of moments, right down the page. And as tumultuous human conflicts and wars arise, and subside, you'll know, to return, always, to the most comfortable studies,

which have supported you, down through your years...
this, for myself, appears mostly,
within naturalism, and in forming lasting relationships,
within the natural ecologies... at
times regarding these as the best antidote to our
modern ailments, and defeats. There's a
song, which I remember, from somewhere, which
recalls many of the human dramas,
and predicaments, such as are brought unto our living
rooms, with the evening news,
most any day of the week... and finishing each rhyming
stanza, with the resilient chorus,
'And the thunder, and the rain, remain the same.' This
song is affective, in restoring the
natural balance, within ourselves, our home the Earth.
'Neither antiquity, nor
modernity... there is but the one habitable, blue green
brown marble, a pocket, of air,
water, and soil... orbiting eternally around our
permanant source of light, and heat... the

Sun. If you wish to know what children think about,
just peer within these pages. You'll
here in find some of the most lasting, secure
intellectual landmarks, as can be. So, as the
weeks, and months arise, and pass behind... we find
bountious resource, in thinking of
this timeless place. I would fashion a prayer, 'that I
never become a lost satellite,
wandering the solar system, from planet unto planet...
sending electronic messages, of
separation... analogs, of an unanswered displacement...
that would be wrong.' So, to
insure myself, from such end, I've resolved to remain
always in sight of the lighthouse...
the one reference point, which dissolves the vast
distances of the ocean, into a quiet
dinner table, with another... this shall be the constant.
Within this week, presently, we're
expecting possible rain, tomorrow, and tomorrow
evening... I hope we get rain, as the

farmers, and growers need. As I watch the luna shine
grow, from through the window,
of this interior dwelling place, I ponder, over the ways,
there seems to be a radiency, in
this warm, summer evening. Seen only through averted
eye, this comforting light,
reflects, the midnight sun, perhaps, or maybe as the
ever lasting chromatic hues, of the
great sky above... remaining visible in corporal lee to
those beings in heavenly abode,
through eternity. Softly, silently, engaging and
comforting ... the colors, are perhaps the
emotions, of God. There are also very definite
topographies, underlying this ocean...
this sea, of consciousness. Sometimes gently sloping
sandy dunes, other times mountain
peaks, valleys, and deep chasms where crustal
tectonics are plainly discernable, and
along the floor of the depths, of such, geologies, such
as stratification, and endless

caverns extending back into the walls at various depths are seen. There are also alien beings and colonies which live and die and live again at depths of five... six miles, or more... mind boggling surrealities, in the land where no mortal eye can perceive... at least, for a long while. The flood... the great melting thaw, and deluge... twelve to fourteen thousand years ago, effectively covered all of mankind, virtually erasing so many memories. But, now, it's as if the doors of perception have revealed all... a 360 degree topographic map, of this very home we call Earth. So, you see, from the right vantage point, all is revealed. Ice Ages and temperate ages, are on a roughly 100 thousand year cycle, each. So, as I see it, 75 thousand years, is a comfortable term for our civilization to grow, and flourish all the more. But the oceans' surface temperatures

are heating up, like a face flushing... this, in turn, appears to lead to more evaporation, and hence more precipitation falling inland. This could be due to the acidic pH and pollutants, in the salt water, trapping the sunlight, near the surface. At any rate, these warmer ocean surface temperatures, may explain the phenomenally bad weather...

flooding , and twisters, seen recently, in North America. The most important thing to understand about life, down here on Earth is its power to adapt, to changing environmental factors... such things as food availability, water, and temperature, can easily be managed, by many species... and humans, I would say, are amongst them.

(With our digits and opposable thumbs, our large, intelligent brains, and great inclination to make tools, and clothing, you see, how efficient we are, at getting by. We'll adapt.

All we'll need is time.) At any rate, hot temperatures, are sure prevailant in our state this week... I think there was a lot of distant 'heat lightening' to the south east last night. Thunder wasn't audible, however, so I know it was a long way off. But we could sure use some rain. It might be come important for you to lessen the chatter within your mind... back down from undesirable behaviors, that lead directly to suffering, into more easily managed emotions and feelings. Thoughts, themselves can be difficult to quieten, especially, as the subconscious and unconscious mind, appear to become heavier. Bad thought, itself, if left un attended to, can leed to bad behavior. The goal, of course, is inner peace... inner quietude. Your diminishing path, back down unto iner stillnes, may be unique unto only yourself. You'll find your symptoms, can often be traced back, to

unexpected events, such as arguments, failures, and losses, or receiving bad news. Any of these things, can lead to poorly handled imbalance, or inequity. My own diminishing order, back to quietude, is as follows: (bad) behaviors, (wrong) attitudes, poor beliefs, feelings (i.e. feeling bad, like migraines) thoughts, (stinking thinking,) and emotions. But you should notice, how ordinary trouble, and bad behavior, for some, are directly antecedent to conflicting, chaotic emotions, usually felt within the gut. So, a bad attitude, like "I ain't gonna be treated this way," leads directly to bad behavior. The bad attitude, can be traced back to strong emotions, which we all have, from time to time, forming racing thoughts, and my grains. You'll see, then, the general natures, or stages of bad headaches, how they can form unexpectedly,

and what they mean to you, in their varying weight, of importance, and the direction to travel, to descend from heavier symptoms, and behaviors, to lighter emotions. And, your list might be completely different... Just make it in terms you understand and can relate to. In seeing through this kind of lens, you may begin to learn, how the ups and downs of schizophrenia, bipolar depression, or major depression are connected... and how they can at times, cause problems, or be better controlled, in experiencing this 21 st century world we live in today. Anyway, when one recognises, the needs people have, to live with, or stay close, to other people, you'll find horizons are really boundless. Quite honestly, without the home community, around myself, I would quickly become lost in the sometimes tossing, tumultuous waters, of the mind... so with

my evening repast with others, each and every day, we
don't lose touch with reality, nor
with the familiar lighthouse, illuminating the way home.
This is the constant. As the
previous dreamings, have led me unto this present, let
me tell you... while a change of
residence can at times be bewildering, these things, are
an part of ordinary life, and can
be taken in stride as such. Getting used to a new
environment is usually both a
challenge, and something to be embraced, and enjoyed.
As I sit here, within this room, I
am grateful for the comfortable air conditioning, and
rustic, wood grain feel of things.
The music, enchanting my mind, through my stereo, is
most reassuring... sublime, in that
I've never heard this so clearly. So, simply rising,
above the changing times, and tides, I
get better grasp, upon the reins, of these fashionings,
allowing only positivistic

expressions, and the timeless. Looking within, the interior spaces, of my own mind, i'm impressed, by the complete release, and at one ment, brought even through this one paragraph. Having floundered, for a time, in the sort of mental labor, which comes along with a move, like this... i've through this writing, found the answer, to relinquishing the sort of blurry, languid, kind of hypnosis, which an thorough re evaluation, as in a move, can bring. While, I think, and write, about things in my life, in this gradual sort of way... placing only a few words at a time, upon the page... I think that there's a lot more being looked at... both afore, and behind, and all amongst, and around myself, than my stylus may reveal, in this moment. The first quality, for instance, I can see... is the ease, the willing grace, and allowance, in which my mind collects itself, and in its ever changing

focus, and attentiveness, inwardly, and outwardly... its willingness, to look, upon these new words. The 'downward frictional weight, and pressure, of atmosphere, biosphere, and beingness...' reflects, for myself, not a loss, but an need to gain more control... better footing, upon this sometimes steep, rocky trail. As I sit here, tracing these subterranean topographies, really positive observations, seem so few... But as the muddied pool clairifies, the ease, and rest, over the following days, should grow... weeks spent within this new place, here should easily be transcended, as my familiarity, with the people, and the environment, here grows. People with interior focus also need time with those about themselves. So, living within this group environment, here in the country side is an answer to prayer. Well, we're gifted, also, with some clouds, and cooler feel outside.

Direct sunlight is blistering, but we're enjoying the calendar, now, especially with the refreshing Gulf breezes, which are sure to bring rain, some time this week. I find myself here, now... in this time with the rain... finally, in the time when the spell has been broken, the cooler, moist air, entering our region at last. Spells... incantations... this purposeful liturgy, also given as it were, to reconcile the worlds of craft, and amateur storytelling, and music, upon temporal media, with the more highly professional stylings, of world, and national media, and media production. So, you'll see me putting my best into these recordings, whether there being, or not being, an audience... as might would a radio program producer... my part is only small.. the entire show, and station encompassing longer time, and range, and my salary sufficing. So anyways, finding

today's morning news, speaking of at least two major
earthquake emergencies, last night,
overseas... I guess that news explains my recent
anxiety... the struggle, for myself,
amounting to how, the difference, (as in numeric,)
between the manifest world, and the
unmanifest, can sometimes be a gulf, or a chasm, of
deep unknowns, which for myself,
equates to pains, sometimes deep pains. This, to
myself, is the main reason, and the
need for compassion, and tenderness, in the modern
world, now as much as there ever
has been. And, this sort of thing comes up every day...
the Prime Minister of the Land,
finishes the closing ceremonies, for the Summer
Olympics, with pomp, and celebration,
in our Western Hemisphere, while, later that same
evening, half way around the world,
his own nation's capital city, is hit by a devastating
typhoon... he must finish the

ceremonies, and keep a smile on his face... The corporate executive, giving a speech, to a graduating high school class... while back in his home state, his child nearly dies in a car wreck... Or, in how the dairy truck driver, goes on to his next stop, far across the country, while a tornado, tears up his home town... he's unclear if his wife and kids are safe... he's worried. So you see? The more we voyage, and evolve ourselves, and grow our knowledge base... the more ways there are, for our footsteps to become ensnared... the farther, and wider our visions reach, into our environment, the more errors, and limited tolerance, for errors, in the processes, we perceive, acting upon those environments. (And many of these are man made processes... leading ourselves, even to shame, feelings of guilt... regardless of our actual side effects, or lack thereof.) So, I

hope the listener can hear, now, these words, true and clear... and I hope he or she understands 'more than my stylus, of itself, can convey.' Anyways, our southeast, is quickly rounding the corner, into Autumn, this week... with September here, we'll see our days growing cooler, and our nights, longer... As our Earth pivots gradually, the southern hemisphere, begins receiving more full sunlight... while our northern sun crosses the skies, along a lower, more southerly, arc... shadows, becoming somewhat longer. There are blessings, found all along the path, through here. Having been given a rebuilt, well performing computer, two months ago... and with 'pocket sized internet interface,' close by all the time, these technologies, by themselves are worth a fortune, in knowledge, and self empowerment. Just having tools, like these, is equivalent to

productivity, and station, in the modern world... and to, a more prolific portfolio. The more hinderances, and impediments placed afore us, the more inner resources, show themselves, by coming forth. 'Great challenges, equate to great inner strengths,' for meeting those challenges. My piano project, this year, which will be a published number of my best melodies, and anthems, has just been approved... in an new directory... so with this goal attained, and with, also, this new writing plan, slowly but surely coming together, I've been graced, so far. If only our regional weather could be easier... with almost no good rain here, since July... the southern reaches, however, in Louisiana, and south east Texas, have seen disasterous flooding. More recently, along the Florida Gulf coast, and across through south Georgia, and eastward, through the Carolinas, hurricane

Hermine, has brought 50 to 70 miles per hour winds, and flooding, which are still causing havoc... I have many relatives, from south Georgia to the northern half of Florida. So, this storm system has been especially difficult for me. But there's not much I can do, one way , or another, other than provide emotional support, through phone, email, and the postal service. As I think of directions, in which this writing should be taken, to best describe the possibilities, I can see from here, I guess the best idea, is in how slow, and measured production techniques are preferable, by far... while surface features, of the time, surely tell me one thing, I do not want to ignore, the less obvious wisdom areas, such as the observation of how, 'Love takes time, to develop,' and, case in point... how, 'if writing doesn't come as easily as leaves on a tree, it better not come at

all.' It stands to reason, also, that this kind of considered approach be taken, as I find the past week or two, have been tough for myself; most any kind of bodily pain, or tenderness, can be seen as pointing toward empathic vibratory co resonance as its likely source... (as I've no disease)... leading, at times, to a state of continual pre science, until the trouble passes. So, my guess, is that concerns about this remand caution, and a great deal of thoroughness, in planning be exercised, when creativity comes up, in times like these. Anyways, back home, there are always things to see to... fall behind, in these areas, and one has no one but self, to blame. Keeping ones self physically strong, mentally awake, and morally straight, as the motto goes, is the thing. Things just come up... it's true, and its really like, 'knowing ones rights and limitations, i;½ and

responsibilities, is key,' in staying within the group. If I miss lunch... I miss lunch. So this is indeed true. I've heard somewhere, how 'The more I think, the less I can remember,' However, being experienced, and having good grounding, in mathematics... or within English literature, or in the simple 'art of writing...' knowing, a wide range of licks, and stylings, makes a piano, or guitar, or saxophone player versatile, and so much more competent... this competency, or completeness, then builds from within... one's entire lifeways gains a lot more stability and accuracy, in all one does. The panic, of ones young adulthood passes... replaced, then by knowledge, security. ¶½The most sought after benefits, of material endeavor, include self knowledge, (richness of intellect,) and security.¶½ This saying, to myself, is still so true. To help the younger,

across many of the same distances, you yourself, may have known... you'll include your own keys, and suggestions, which only need time... and experience, to unfold. 'If one is content, the self tends to stagnate...' so being around others, and kindling the natural frictions, and tensions, which come along, therof, into new thought, you'll find irresistable. Well, weeks have passed. It's now October, and this Fall is beginning to be felt... much cooler temperatures, have been prevalent, for the past week. Fall can be hurricane season, as well... the terrible hurricanes Katrina, and Sandy both occurred late in the year. This year, there's a category five storm affecting the Bahamas, presently, and Miami, and Floridas' east coast, are on alert... for 130 mph wends, and possibly three feet of rain, are accompanying this weather. Anyways, my new piano

nature soundtrack is faring well,
in terms of downloads. Almost 50 people have
requested the new show, which is a
pretty good month for me. During my break from
writing, I've been pretty busy...
production, and post production for two new full
length meditation films, is nearly
complete... later in this week, I hope to have both
available online. This content is free...
I'm not making anything from it. Today is quite
breezy... if the sun were covered by
clouds, it would almost be chilly. But it's perfect the
way it is. Shadows, are
lengthening... we're losing one or two minutes daylight
each day... nights getting longer.
This week is passing pleasantly. I write, more
commonly, when change is pressing in...
but today, the cards are on my side of the table... I only
am trying to keep it this way.
Any writing work, is good, and has lasting qualities,

even beyond the present. So, as
there's a bit of hollowness in my moods, today... I find
it interesting, to pick up some of
the looser threads, of common sense, and, for want of
anyone else to convey them unto,
come, through this fashion, to the page in writing...
maybe something will form... a
deeper understanding... only this takes making a few
small expressions onto the page.

This diffracted light, then seems to illuminate the
unseen features... setting them in
context, then, to this more familiar writing, and
narrative style. As I sit out in the yard
of this mountain top home, looking at the sky, I can
see, with this wend, the white
billows and puffs of clouds are moving by rapidly...
seeming to morph, and change
shape, as they pass. As I've just gotten several nascent
projects on to the internet, in
public view, my mind is filled with ideas, so my heart

leads me back with ball point unto
the page. There is more unto this present time, than is
readily apparent, to me, or even
graspable. The subconscious, and unconscious mind, is
strong this year. Many times in
the past year I've thought how, as the old rhyme goes,
'life is but a dream,' so, what does
this say about the future? Certainly the upcoming
presidential elections will change
everyone's outlook. We'll adjust to a new relationship,
even a whole new worldview.

And, on the scientific level, sweeping new
developments seem immanent... and the
stakes, so much higher. New ways of thinking about
medicine, agriculture, electricity
generation, and nano technology, are pressing in. We
may be given whole new modus
operandi, thrust into operating under new conditions,
such as a warmer, more turbulent
atmospheric climate.... or a harsher cosmic radiation

environment, in which to live.

Although this sense of expectancy, experienced on the human level, may be present, those in my group, are more pre occupied, with the sameness of the transcendant constants... invoking most often the tried and true pathways, of rustic living. As, this house is surrounded on three sides by pasture land, cattle are frequent presences, with their lingering gazes, chewing grass, and slowly thinking. Although the weatherman says we're in a drought, this year, they appear to be as healthy as always, many of them, with large fatty deposits, on their shoulders, and backs. Fresh vegetables, are brought in, sometimes from nearby gardens. Tomatoes, especially, improve several meals a week... cooked, as well as raw. The hurricane, which was south of here this week, is now to the north east, having moved up the east coast to the

Carolinas, and Virginia. The gusty
wends, today, are from the north east. Consciousness,
is imaginative, and suggestible.

When I find myself sending powerful and affective
audio visual media out into the vast
world beyond, it changes me inevitably. The lenses
through which my vision looks out,
today, can be seen as comprised of, and tinted in the
hues of my most recent creative
work, and publishing. I imagine this effect is also
similarly experienced to be, for other
artists, writers, and musicians, as well... seeing through
the lenses of recent work. This,
for many, appears to lead to a kind of need for
paranoid critical sorts of self filtering. In
other words, if I put faith only in what these near
sighted eyes show me, my world
construct would end up pushing me around, and getting
me into a corner. So, I just have
to be continually and rigorously affirming only the

consensus reality agreed upon by the larger group. When I isolate, or fail to make real connections with others around me, I invariably become over burdened and heavy, with concerns which are better left alone... which aren't my responsibility, nor business worrying over. Keeping close ties to an artistic, literary, or musical path, for most people, mandates being closely near and with others. People need people. And people, who know they need others around them, are, as the song goes, the 'luckiest people in the world.' Those who don't marry, or take a permanent mate, just aren't fully acceptable, in societies sight, and therefore must stay near a platonic group, or community. This wasn't easy for me to accomplish, for much of my life, for I didn't get it... I craved solitude far too much to set it aside. Being able to creatively manage both communal living, and solitude,

is, I guess the reason for both
why and how I'm writing these words today. There isn't
the solitary monk, today. And
it's my lands social welfare system, which sets in place
the framework, and structure, for
this kind of arrangement, in which I can live, and
thrive. All creative work is
accountable, unto those about the artist... and must be
kept worry free. The more I think
about some things, the worse, then, they begin to
appear. So, keeping ones head above
the water, is important... this goes without saying, for
anyone with a creative life. When
consciousness is weakened, by difficult unfold ments,
in the greater world, such
consciousness becomes increasingly more suggestible.
That is to say, one can and
should learn the basic defences, and buffers, unto the
condition of information overload.
It seems to me, that the nature of the internet, for

instance, is such that it can be easy, for these defensive measures to become eroded, increasingly, as everything we see, appears custom tailored, unto say, ones frequent browsing habits, and choices. It can be very hard, to see the other, in the sea of self. Certain areas of the internet, however, such as science pages, and academic journals, may be presented in a more conventional manner, without the hyperbole and glamour, so I try to stay with these. Anyway, its understandable some people just don't get the internet, and never will... this, I can see, can be a form of self protecting, from bad information, where, if one took the time, and patience to learn the safe paths, sanity might never become compromised, or violated.

Well, the day is Monday, the tenth of October, the day when Autumn appears to balance on the precipice of winter. Nature appears to be a

luminous union, of chattering insects,
and birds... the furry ones appear to have a spark in
their eyes, joining at last with men
and women, in the joyous celebration, of nature... of
life, and living. Having lost my
way, in early years... I put my faith in the reproducible
effects, of chemicals. I
desperately needed some thing that made me feel the
same way, every time I used it.
So, and this habituation and its depersonalizing of the
self, became the great pattern... it
got larger and worse, the older I grew. As my dreams
began to reach into my conscious
life, seeping beneath the doors, of my perception... the
chemical abuses grew, to
accommodate larger, and deeper psychic disease...
which became magnified through the
spiritual lens, of which I had little to no understanding.
This sense of being lost, and left
alone, exacerbated the actual pains of disturbance, and

agitation. Normal inner life,
meant being loaded with all kinds of chemicals... this
let me set my burden down,
temporarily. So, I found ways to ensure, that I would
have drugs... for the altered state,
was the only state worth being in. Or so I thought.
Then one morning, I woke up in the
intensive care unit, of the university hospital. I had
hurt myself badly. As I looked
around, I began to notice something. The great pain
and agitation, was nowhere to be
found. I sat very still and quiet, waiting for the
familiar suffering, and self loathing... it
was really gone! I felt completely at ease, and alive.
Gods judgment had been reversed.
And, this quiet peacefulness still fills my heart, every
time I'm receptive... my mornings
are no longer a struggle to escape suffering... instead, I
began to construct a truly heart
felt heavenly dwelling. How then am I not dead?

Because I'm within life... almost
completely within life.... and having this life, I spend
all of my time in thoughts of my
eternal home. So, this is an retelling of the miracle,
which set me free, into the worlds of
art, music, literature, and in an applied way, through
discernment... of my ever morphing
past present future crucible... which itself, seems to
guide my pen and psychic typists
fingers. So, just sitting here and writing, is reasonable
affirmation of the proof, of
tomorrow. For this writing intrinsically contains so
much good future within itself. So,
any writing is good, or can be made good. So, over the
years, I've stayed clean,
and stayed with this creative path. In your own life, it
may take such a profound,
lasting miracle, for you yourself, to completely
disavow the old man... the life defined
by its own suffering, into continual self medication,

may need a radical break through...

such as only a good God could provide. And isn't this just good parenting? Parental

involvement, in the prodigals' life, is the scaffolding, which the inner nature, builds

upon... If you show a dog, for instance, a healthy diet, and veterinarian treatments, and

provide for him or her a program of training, say,

including teaching him to go to the

door, when he has to use the bathroom... obedience

training, commands like heel, sit,

fetch, and speak can be learned by most dogs... as can be play, run and catch a frisbee.

The nature within most dogs is willing to learn, and wants to please the master. This is

how the dogs' inner nature, therefore, can be directed, and molded, to conform to the

owners wishes. Well, I had a golden retriever, but she was strong willed, and dis

obedient, because she didn't believe in me, her owner.

(I was abusing over the counter pills, and she knew I was sick.) So, you can't much teach a dog, if you're yourself in deficit. Conversely, if the owner is without suffering, and sickness, the dog will believe, and learn. See the proof? Good qualities can only be imparted, by one with good qualities, and a clean spirit. There's no faking it, with a dog. There's no faking it in parenting, either. Why some children grow up wrong... their parents modeled weak, or self failing paths... like usage of illegal drugs. The growing child can always use his parents abuses, as an excuse, for anything. Then he wonders why he's in prison. The parent abuses recreational drugs, and like father like son. But, I can't much write on the topic of good parenting, mainly because I've never been a parent. But I know, you'll mess a dogs mind up, if he grows to think people are

bad. But some dogs, seem to think for themselves, and, importantly, listen to other animals, and so grow, generally, to respect people, regardless of if their owner, appears to be bad to them, or not. Dogs are a very old branch of the tree of life, maybe older than man, and appear especially to be sprung from the wolf family. I have wondered, at times, if dogs might not understand human nature, as well as, or better than we do. They are man's best friend. Well, anyways, as this new writing is coming along, I hope to have a full length audio book chapter, finished within this month. A well known artist once said, "To be a good artist, you have to give up everything, including the desire to be a good artist." I guess you might see, how I find stream of consciousness writing, especially, to be the place to begin a creative path.. and the place to remain, for the

entirety. These ideas, may not at all be all my own ideas, on things... I certainly am not myself directing them. There will be presences, in your life... say, a lineage off to the side, just out of view, which moves the pen along in writing... a familiar, who has already been thinking, ahead of your time... only outside of your time, within the subconscious mind. This is really the nature of everything, in the arts, if we search our souls. We are but damsel flies, compared to the more muscular intellects, just out of view. Being conscious of these relationships, within yourself, is an endless cornucopia of blessings. Only to me, humility and grace, are the ways to coax these ideas forth. Minimalising everything within your expressive self... and learning to heed the subtlest impetus, from the higher power, can, with many settings, and sessions, in receptiveness, and inner

stillness, bring thought forth. And, to me, philosophies, and traditions, which emphasize inner focus, along with an 360 degree way of perceiving the full picture of ongoingings around the self, as in the humanistic meditation disciplines... while bringing the mind to stillness, and honing awareness of the full sensory and mental conscious picture... starting with simplicity, purity, and cleanliness, you, too can attune inwardly, and begin to receive blessings.

(And there are many paths, which begin this way, many books written on the subject of awakening the latent mind, and of attuning, with universal expressions.) I am asking this question in complete sincerity: ¿½If your own Great, Great Grandparents were to give you an constant, open channel, and portal, for their best wishes for yourself to flow through, what might these gifts and inheritances be?

ï¿½ Well, think about it a while. A better way of life? A bringing of peace, and a sense of orderliness to your mind? Maybe you don't understand the things you do and say. Maybe you would cleanse your life of alcoholism, and addictive chemicals in your life.

ï¿½ Well,ï¿½ I would say to you, of the Ancestors:ï¿½ When things are in order, they will reveal themselves to you.ï¿½ The suffering faced by many in the land, today, is enormous. But the complex, dynamic ups and downs, of many young persons' life, are a latent power, in themselves. These troubles, if you begin to take yourself seriously, mean that you are alive... that you are a real human being... and are mostly just immature... you're unfamiliar with the ranges, of adult experiences, and you wish, above all else, to distance yourself from the fleshly whirlpool of existence... to placidly observe, and

consider carefully the many sensory
ongoings around your person. Starting from this strong
desire... an musical instrument,
or brushes, paints, and canvas, or simply a stylus and
notebook, can become powerful
instruments of self realization... an interface, so to
speak, with the vast collective soul,
and higher powers in so many ways. With a guided
intellect, you might ascend to any
height... achieve any wonder. This guidance, is freely
available to all, in time... no
exceptions. Even, one, being an profoundly darkened
and dirtied sinner... with a simple
ray of hope, as shown in this example, and suggesting
one go back in time... to the olden
days, if you will, and politely, and soulfully 'inquire of
the beyond...' over time, you can
effect a teacher, or guide into your life. You may feel
your pains and addictions, are too
great... but you might well find, from within yourself,

the gradual way to end the cycles
of addiction. What I am saying here is real. With
quietening, of your mind, and a 360
degree field of awareness way of seeing the world,
you, as well as anyone, may begin
enjoying better feelings... organizing and categorizing
the symbols and archetypes which
you're discovering, can lead yourself to a language,
and expression of gradients, of light,
many hues of color, and variances of temperature...
which you yourself can
incrementally comprehend, and appreciate, and put to
use in your life. Every language
symbol, for instance, in this writing, in the context of
the writer's life station, situation,
and plan, is of a certain temperature, or shade of color.
You'll see a growing sensitivity,
unto these subtle variations, and continuing to remain
in all intents, in your 'comfort
zone,' or 'sweet spot,' bring forth your desires. A

popular series of books... An exhibit of great paintings, or sculptures... A business product, or enterprise, given of the immense power about, and within yourself, over time. With this innate 'weather vane,' you might channel the greatest new literature, in five centuries... who knew? Staying continually and intimately attuned to the 'inner weather vane,' you'll 'alight the updrafts,' and find yourself in a better world. This is a goal which can and should be attained, by anyone struggling through pain and addiction. Anyways, I hope, through this writing, you will come to see, some of the higher thinking, which can develop, when we live a life of cleanliness and order. I couldn't have seen, that my ideas would arise from the ordinary on goings, into some ideas which are really worth capturing onto paper. So, this writing, has been rewarding, for myself, in the long term sense,

and I hope you can see, how,
while we may not be conscious of the spiritual heights,
which, in all people, reside just
out side of peripheral consciousness. So, we should
also see, how any writing session,
can give great inspirational results. I think it can be
said, how we ourselves, are the ones
we most definitely need... you yourself, contain the
latent intelligences, which have just
the words, and advice, which you yourself most need.
This is why I have emphasized
'stream of consciousness' sorts of writing, as the best
therapeutic practice, there is. It
doesn't matter, if your mind appears filled with
spiritual light, and radiance, or not. Just
slow down, and sit down, with a pen and notebook, and
begin to explore. I think this
kind of exploration, is an way of looking within, the
nooks and crannys of the present, to
come up with ideas and relationships, which have

lasting qualities, and so therefore exist, and exemplify, within future times. Any writing has lasting qualities, beyond the immediate present. So, using a word processor, or computer, is like a pass port into an entirely satisfactory future. You'll see, then, in looking back, these written comments and relationships, will be some of the most important, and valued, artifacts, you carry with yourself, into the future. So, in structuring your priorities, don't neglect, or forget, your own role, in ensuring your best, most productive, and self realised, future, for yourself. So, you can always think of your pen and notebook, as an insurance policy... no matter how the flow of time may go for yourself, you'll at least have high functioning, entirely workable ideas, going with you, and by your side. Well, the day's now the middle of October.

Our weatherman predicts we'll have much cooler, even colder weather, by the end of this week. This will be the message, which tells the critters to burrow underground, and the foliage to bring forth its most glorious colors. The land will be preparing for the gray, drab winter months... which, all things considered, just aren't that bad in my part of the country. Here, temperate winter is probably preferable to the blazing hot droughts of summer. So, anyway, all for now, and have a great New Year.

~

When at once one wishes to write, he or she sits afore the notebook or word processor, and peers within the present now picture, scanning a ways, into his or her past, present, and future. Writing is a sort of accounting, which simply wants to begin, at a time, when the writer feels, or can suppose, that his

higher selves, or conscious,
subconscious, and unconscious selves, seek to work
onto the page... the fleshly self,
coming into symphony and aligning with the higher
self, and with those around and
about. The writer should feel an expectation, and
anticipation of, future times, in
writing. This should seem to be a greater sense of
possibility, than if he or she had
remained static. In fact, the active writers' mind, and
these possibilities, are as inter
flexive, as they are infinite. Any topic, in writing,
when one listens to the quietest voice
within himself, can lead on the page, unto any other
topic, and the writer should feel
himself to be at the precise intersection of the
metaphoric sea, shore, and sky
dimensions, within consciousness. ï¿½These great
possibilities but await exploring...ï¿½
ï¿½Through this writing we begin.ï¿½ Invest, the

unfolding now picture, onto the page, with
infinite possibilities, and your simulcron, of the
advancing now, your stylus, onto your
page, guided by your hand, eye, mind triune, will seem
powerful beyond measure...

especially as your whole self, starts to get into your
placid perspective... the absence of
desire, agenda, or topic, in particular... when ones'
heart is free from desire, for any one
direction... possibilities, and blessings multiply, and
redouble again, as the
encompassing host, begins to engage, in the
intellectual sense. When this sort of energy
circuit, or loop powers up, for yourself... you'll then
know, beyond all doubting, that
your consciousness, is not only alive, but vital. This is
not to be missed. Whole, unity
mind then gathers, and collects, and begins to focus,
and direct thought through the
stylus onto the page. When you get the sense, of how

the 'lasting medium,' is as vital
within the chain of being... as is the highest heavenly
kingdom, you'll know, beyond
doubt, how the active writer, is simply fulfilling the
purpose, to which he or she has
been ordained, since the dawn of time. As I sit here
writing, this late November
morning, I'm assured, of how a better start to this
chapter, couldn't have been made.
Knowing this, in itself, seems to unify, and affirm the
recent past, present, and future
unfold ments, bringing the host into harmony, and
symphony, within this most satisfactory
new beginning. This morning is blustery, and cloudy,
with chilly wends coming out of
the north west. The weather man predicts, also, that the
moist, water laden air from the
tropics to the south may create turbulence and storms,
as these two directions of wend
intersect. So, we'll see how it goes, weatherwise. I'm

thinking, herein, also, of the possibilities, these new thoughts bring. 'As the leaf grows on the tree,' such is the plan for this, and the future writing, coming from my pen. This chapter, God willing, will carry my dream life through the cold, brittle months just ahead, and into, through, and beyond the next spring. Without the clear assurance, of this lasting expression, onto these pages, I wouldn't have the many clear paths, through the future, which good writing, always suggests. So, the time, for myself, is appreciating, into the future... as I most clearly appreciate, the time, through this good writing, in general. Anyways, the air in this room, is comfortable and warm... a definite haven, and sanctuary, from the chilly wends outside. Rain, will improve, our lives, here, in so many ways... this is certain. As the cattle,

mules, and horses in this, and the surrounding countryside need new, green grasses to eat, in order to get the proper nutrition... not to mention the farmers and growers, whose summer gardens, this past season, may have withered... this coming precipitation, this week will raise the water table, and allow for winter growth, and the success of next years crop. So, a very auspicious, time right now. Earlier, in writing, I referenced the hand, eye, mind triune, as being compared to the sea, shore, and sky intersection, along the coast. This is like, the place, where the best writing takes place. With the infinite sky of unconscious affairs, inter joining with the deep subconscious ocean, of the psyche... the sand and pebbles, along the edge of the water, are the purely conscious, visible, worlds of our society, of spoken, or written inter communication, and

interactions with those about... our thoughts, our monetary exchanges, for goods or service, our travels, over the land or water, or through the sky, in aircraft... our formal relationships... clerk, customer, land owner, apartment dweller, hiker, guide, manager, employee... the social institutions.... family, church, school, hospital, bank, grocery store... these things can be read, and understood by their face value... their usefulness, or significance to ourselves. The active writer indeed sits at the metaphoric intersection of these three.... only when he is fully conscious, and aware, of himself, and of the possibilities, and promise, of his craft. As a younger, learning writer, I would start out, in a direction, but my lack of life experience... especially, in my groping ways... without knowing the safe areas, I mis adventured into spacecraft design, and role playing game

creation attempts... Toll key en inspired narrative accounts, of furry people, in a medieval broad sword and sorcery landscape... all without much of any result whatsoever... for I hadn't quietened, that materialistic mindset... of concrete forms, and the endless trappings, of the material plane. 'Writing about writing,' was the undiscovered philosophers stone, which I was starving for, from age ten, through to at least age twenty... at which point, I began to despair of my blind groping... for it began to finally hit home, that I would have to make a few fundamental discoveries, before I could approach a mature creative path. So, writing didn't come easily for me, as a fleshly, sensual adolescent... I only knew and thought of what my fleshly senses showed me... which I knew were way off the mark, for anything approaching the aesthetic, I

knew existed in some, but which I myself knew no route unto... no way to grasp or recreate in my life. Success was hit and miss... my vessel remained empty. At any rate, you can see, how there may well be a decade or two of furtive struggle, to be dealt with, for some. When knowledge and experience take hold, however, you'll really begin to quicken your steps, having arrived, by default, upon an enlightened path, your written words will sparkle with promise, of the future. You'll know precisely what you have got... and just as importantly, you'll have whittled down unto, and have knowledge of the safe directions, for yourself... your awakened eye, will be still and quiet, and will remain fixed, upon the inner weather vane... directions... left from right... up from down... will be completely apparent... and you won't mindlessly blunder, or misstep, but will stay in

the light of life. And, it really takes a 'giving up,' or
relinquishing, of adolescent
groping... when you've tried all you know, to do...
you'll find, then and only then... what
you don't know can reach in and touch you... you may
have to learn a new way of life...
but the many tiny seeds of faith will begin to
germinate, and slowly take hold. You
won't know it, but you'll then be farther along... more
in the house, than you know or can
dream. For, you'll see... you'll begin to understand the
special glimmer, in the eyes of
some... your faith and hope will be confirmed, and
affirmed, all with in a close 'chosen
few,' some of whom will travel with yourself as
accompaniment through the dark
wintery months.... the last few foot steps, may be yours
to take alone, but the brilliant
sun, also returns, with the spring... all struggling
ceases, for you'll be in the arms, then,

of God, the great... the Savior... and will then find your work... and plenty time for its doing, you'll be guided and blessed, for the rest of time. Now, when you collect your thoughts, all the world will open to receive them, and you'll be in knowledge, experience, and contentment... with wisdom following close behind. Well, the much sought for rain ended last night... today has been sunny, breezy, and chilly, and now, sitting down, this evening, the time feels right, for writing. So, peering a bit further, within my present now picture, I'll see what the moment contains. The 'giving up,' spoken of earlier, was of great importance. This didn't mean 'laying off the job,' or quitting the good work, instead a letting of God handle the situation. For myself, I had completely overdosed, on experiences, over what had grown to be three or four years of

chemical abuse. I was defeated, and broken. So, I packed up, and went home... staying a few uncomfortable weeks with my parents, before taking up a small apartment down town. Now, the joy of being back in my home city, was refreshing, and I found no need for carrying on that way, like I had done in the college town... searching, like that for my artistic ideal... but would let the gradual passage of weeks, to work its magic... for I sensed that something would reveal itself. I was now in my fathers town, so I got back my old proof-reading job, at the print shop, and dreamed of a 'return to innocence,' and being a regular citizen. So that's how I began... with little or no artistic aspirations, (for I had exhausted, the possibilities, and figured, by that time, 'I just don't have what it takes.') And so was open, and receptive, to the gentler breezes, and seasonal changes,

and with a clean heart... but my head, kept straying,
and I had difficulty staying the
course. One night, as winter began encroaching, I
dreamed of being back in my Grand
parents kitchen, in their home, when the back porch
door, suddenly flung open, and a
whistling, cold autumn wend rushed in, startling me
such that I awoke in a panic. So
began a metamorphosis, from empty headed 20 year
old, to overflowing 30 something.
And so, that's really where I began marking the passing
of time, in writing, music, and
art.... being shown computers, I began to understand
what a multi media production tool,
and filing cabinet can really be, and do. And the
internet has come accordingly,
allowing, now, for desktop publishing. And this started
by my simply saying, 'I give up.
Take the wheel, Lord. What would you have me to be?'
'Have thine own way.' Take the

wheel... figuratively, not literally. So, you can see, a bit, of the character, of my awakening into my own life. But this wasn't as easy as I portray, in fact, following the cold air dream, I had plunged into a interminably deep mind expanding experience, which left me with an severe ache, in my very soul... thus began five years, of serious pain, which I couldn't tell anyone of, and which I self medicated at every opportunity... only now, I had to take drugs to just feel okay. That was the prime mover, which stripped me of my pride, and forced me to streamline... to economize. It's only a relief, that I came through alive, and sane. There aren't many things more rewarding than for the first time seeing Gods hand at work in your life, perfecting, and guiding yourself, into a higher life path... and better situation. As the passage of days, descends, now into

this December, I recall previous Christmastimes,
steeped in the wonder and magic,
which our holiday means to children... and I realize,
how as I've aged, Christmas takes
on new hues, and reflections, as I've myself become
centered around giving back...
especially unto the young at heart, whom can best
appreciate, the light within my
expressions. So I'm looking forward to a warm hearted,
giving time this year.

Well, it appears, that our part of the land, as well as
much of the nation, is in the grip of
a cold spell. Tonight and tomorrow should be our
coldest, with temps not climbing out
of the thirties. Well, anyways, these are some thoughts,
this good evening. Sometimes,
writing like this slows to a crawl... But, feeling at last,
some calling to begin again, I sit
before my notebook, slowly mulling ideas, and
awaiting the gentle, still voice, which

feels free, to write. This isn't 'writers' block,' instead
the slow turning, considering, of
various directions, is more of an reverent observing, of
the within... to see what can be
seen. This is a necessary component, of this artform...
without allowing this
'observance,' to run its course, the writer would seem
disingenuous, in trying to 'push,' or
'force,' the writing. Always remember, this passive
time... it would be so wrong, to tread
upon your neighbors flower garden, or to step clumsily
upon your dancing partners' toes.
So always remember, to be minimal, subtracted, and
considering, in writing. Emotions,
lead to thoughts. So, but one wouldn't write, just
anything. So the time for weighing
and comparing, nearnesses and distances, in writing,
can be crucial, unto whether the
writing is fundamentally meaningful, or not. The
original impulse to creating, is a will,

almost a reaching. This is good to remember, since once you settle upon a specific media, to work in, whether it be a written essay, a painting on canvas, or performed music onto tape, this reaching, will affirm, and confirm, to you that the time is good for creation, even if this amounts unto only a few lines... maybe a paragraph... you'll be a little farther along, than before.

~

Anyways, with a week, now until our winter solstice, it won't be long, unto the New Year, and a new season... the coming spring, bringing new sunshine, rain, and wend.

Weather, on our planet, is most positively caused by the suns' heating and cooling, of water... and atmospheric moisture. These two elements drive wends. Moisture in the earths' atmosphere, can take on animate qualities, as it is driven to rise, fall, expand, and

contract. It is this moisture, heated into convection in the tropics, which can form into some of the most deadly weather phenomena... hurricanes, typhoons, and monsoons. Extreme winds, forming inland, can become rolling twisting phenomena called tornados. These, also, are firstly created by the suns heating and cooling, of moisture, at high altitude strata, and low altitude strata... This is how they originate. When the high altitude jet stream, is crossing the land or water in one direction... and the lower altitude winds are traveling in a different direction... this creates those spiral, twisting storms spoken of above. So, you'll remember this, the next time you notice high altitude clouds, and low altitude clouds, traveling in contrary directions. Anyways, these thoughts are within my mind, this good evening. 'Nature improves nature.... Nature

perfects nature.' Keep the natures, of your creating,
wholistic, and given in accordance,
with your own best natures. In other words, can I
transmute, the blustery, contrary
wends, of a conflicted time, into only insightful,
meaningful, single pointed, dis-
passioned... yet stimulating thought? Can I neutralize,
the differences, of the fleshly
station, and get in step only with the higher selves, and
the most universal background
tapestry? Can I 'grasp the reins,' so to speak, and take
the cross wends of a difficult
relationship, into an transcendent kind of evenness,
and balance? If so, then I will have
integrated the lessons and truth of our peace loving
society into an mature art form.

Always be conscious, of the change factor... I wouldn't
want my writing to ever fall into
the category with 'Nada terma,' or immature creations.
For, failing to see around every

corner, above, and behind, and all through, I would only become victimized, by the future. Always remember... you are, an intact, unbroken, continuous expression of the divine, and will remain so... allow nothing less. Well, it's a cloudy, wendy Friday night, here. Getting into bed, tonight, I allow my stylus, to plum the moment. There's nothing I'd rather do, than write freestyle, and see, just where the day has taken me. Maybe, ideas are slow in coming. But, just starting out, in a free, and uncritical way, you'll find that your mind willingly embraces this 'common ground,' which it uses, then, to feel complete. Just as there are many moods, and influences, which can shape this writing, so there are styles, and colors, in any new expression. As the moss, grows long, on the pines, so are there styles of di½cor, and embellishment, onto any plain narrative telling. Poetry, is an

awesome tool, in unbinding facets of significance,
from the deeper woodland, of
otherwise untold subconscious topography. Poetry can
be the catharsis, which frees a
burdened, frustrated tangle, of regrets, and mixed
emotions, into an new advent, of
freedom.... into new tomorrows. The poet is called, to
attest, to the past, and
memorialize those whom we have lost. This can bring
closure, and completion, to an
difficult time... the poet, in freeing himself, launches
from beneath the tossing waves,
catching the brilliant sun, into innumerable shiny
facets of reflection, before plunging
back down into the dark waters. In this single symbolic
act, he or she frees the future, as
well, to run so much farther... not stooped, and bent, as
before, but tall, agile, and proud,
of proper testament shown... rising upon wings, and
soaring. You will have seen these

words somewhere before... you will have heard, the
immortal calling. As love lies
quietly, un attended, so, too, does she raise her voice,
in shining, annunciated
punctuation! Well, with just five days, until the New
Year, I hope this one passes un
event fully. Since Christmas, our outdoor temperatures
have been very warm. I expect
more normal seasonal temperatures will return soon. In
looking within my innermost
being, today, I sound the depths, and scan the heights...
looking for the secret... the
tenuous, thread like connection, which comprises the
poetic. If the listener, would find,
a place within this telling, to listen... then listen now.
As we linger around the threshold,
of the cabin... from whence light and dark is cast...
some of us have sorrows, so deeply
piled upon... others come only to feast. Again out with
the old year, in with the New!

When the New Year, brings sorrows.... I'll remember,
you'll remember, maybe, too, how
some of those present now, have a spark in the eye, a
smile in the heart. For it's known,
how change almost always brings, both sorrow, and
cheer... ones' experience can be all
important... so settle your peace, with happiness....
while you're young... you'll find it is
remembered, so much easier. There might never be a
happier New Years, than this one.
So, make a boat, to carry two... my love and I.... we
both shall roam. With friends, old
and new alike.... everyone here is old, and gray... each
is growing, younger. So, this
years' beginning is auspicious. There are wonders, and
majestic vistas, to be looked
upon, when we look with awakened sight. I might
would have missed the splendor
present even within this simple writing... if I hadn't felt
as if I had died, and looked and

listened, with the eyes of silver. The origins and sources of this simple journaling, appeared to be soundly conjoined, within the greatest mysteries of the coming to be of the universe... when the Holy Spirit was revealed, and I felt myself, to be outside, of that same universe... around all, with no physical connection, or grip... only a heart... vast, mystified, yet all seeing. Whose beautiful writing is this? Whose beautiful heavenly mansion? Why, it's ours, those of ourselves who see and appreciate what is really there... around this life, and from within the mind. And this has been the Christmas vision, as well... for just being born anew, the child looks upon all with such wonder... it is he or she, whom can really change the world... re-making it from within, to compare with the beautiful visions, and wonder, of new life found again. If you miss, this simple

vision, and sense of wonder, you'll go on, but in the
mundane sense. So, allow your
eyes, to reveal unto yourself, the wonder ous mystic,
within your work. Yourself and
your reader will thank yourself endlessly. As this New
Year, and the worlds' pages turn,
and turn, one thing we can be sure of... is change.
Already just two weeks along, we've
got weather changes... heavy west coast flooding, and,
in our region, rapid, two three
day temperature swings, of fourty degrees and more, as
warmth, and cold sweep from
west to east. Each of us, have so much good to share
with the world. So, looking back
on the recent holidays, is good, for nurturing ones'
sense of gratitude. So, and responses,
over time, are weighed with and against one another.
And a simple thank you card, or
after thought, can do so much. The subtle light
reflections, in composing, and producing

an new project, like this journal, may reveal much... as
pertains to ones' present
standing. And I like the ease, of this kind of self talk.
Is the writings' inputting a
pleasant experience? Am I in any pain? Does my back
hurt? As the experience, is more
pleasant, such bodes well, or suggests better future.
This should be all I need. And now,
I see, the skeleton sentry... the wintery tree... is
verdant... dripping with foliage. And, as
the surprising, yet awesome, and terrible, wonder, of
this New Year, filters through,
back to clarity... and ages, and matures... you'll see...
and wipe the summer sweat, from
your fore head... this coming summer, may be the
hottest on record, in all fifty states, as
last summer was. Such climate change, builds a
strength... a more soulful, and perfect
endurance... into our future... whether, or not, we may
like the experience, of our street

becoming inundated, by ten feet of flood waters... or of
having our crops spoiled, and
our income affected, by months, and months of cruel
drought; these are real concerns...
fainting just around, and outside the door. I may be
forgiven... seventy times seven
times... but, at least, it can be difficult, to see the
reasoning behind, a healthy smile, in
these difficult times... when, that's just something that
comes naturally, in life. As I sit
writing, this thirty-nine degree night, I can easily see,
the past present future flowing,
within this essay... within its creation. This knowledge,
of genesis, of the world... of an
community, or town... of a work of art, or literature...
is something special, which an
infant, or a toddler, doesn't yet possess. He or she
looks upon the world of natural, and
constructed forms, and doesn't know, from whence
they've come. The best way, I think,

for him or her to garner such, is through knowledge of the creator, in him or herself. A painting, a poem... parental artistic role modeling, can be just the thing... for, the child will emulate, the parent, at different times, in his life. A child, might have 'knowledge of origins,' at age ten... having already learned fully well, how hard the 'Journey of Art,' can be... Also, having insight into how rewarding, such can be, as well. And so, then you see, how this appreciation of both of the sides of the coin, brings forth the discerning eyesight, which knows both why, and how, he or she should 'keep on the sunny side.' Having the 'whys' together, brings out the 'hows.' As my ball point pen, progresses with these ideas, down the page, I notice how these words, are coming to me so gradually. But this, is just the steady, and sure way, to arrive upon a completed essay.

I might seldom sit and express page after page, all at once. But this slow and gradual way, is just as rewarding, in looking back. This kind of expression, this gradual, incremental kind of progress, is taken off of the top, of a form of static tension... like a coiled spring, in a grand father clock, which but awaits, the top of the hour, for its quiet, chiming rhythm to announce the time... the more volume us down link of prosody. You'll hear the clock, when it sounds off... the right cog, has but to turn around. Anyways, it's a temperate, unsettled weather pattern, over our region this week... north of here only a few hundred miles, people are dealing with freezing rain, and cold drizzle... those of us here, are experiencing unusually warm, cloudy weather. If the cold, were to push on south, this week, we would probably have turbulent storms... but the ice

and rain, is sliding in a band, to the north north east...
without showing the south word
forceful ness, to push through our more high pressure
regional weather. So, we seem
locked in these sixty degree days, which isn't bad... for
the middle of January, we should
be much colder. So, the mild temperatures, now are
nice. Anyways, I sit writing.

When the light is dimmest... the tunnel narrowest... the
night the longest... there will be
the breakthrough, into much greater sense of power,
and control. This will be seen to be
as in an unexpected way... out of the blue. The human
mind, can seem to be a burning
desert. Your last defenses, may seem weak, and
ineffective... until, in 'changing venue,'
so to speak... from a weakened, sore, tired mind... to,
for instance, the vast field, of a
blank notebook page, and ball point pen, you gain, and
remember, a much more

representative, and empowered sense of faith, and pathway. This has to be experienced, to be seen, and believed. So, ones' experience, goes from the powerless, to the powerful.

'Our greatest fear, is not that we should be powerless... but that we should be too powerful, beyond our wildest imagination.' It's just the awareness and appreciation of, inner ranges, which is so profound, for myself. We do not exist within a void. If the sensitivity of the internal radio receiver, is amplified, it becomes clear, we are within a vast ocean of information... local, regional, national, planetary, solar, galactic, and cosmic information is just continually bay thing our minds, and lives. So, the appreciation of this, and too, of ones' great power, in inscribing upon lasting media, makes the human situation, and writing, for many, so awesome, and majestic.

Well, we're here, now, in the middle of January, living within this ranch house, here, upon this rolling pasture land, atop this mountain. An altimeter, reveals us to be at approximately one thousand and one hundred feet above sea level. Our outdoor temperatures, are very warm, as I've mentioned, for this time of year. We're expecting rain, and possible storms, from the south west, later this week. The scary thing, is that later, when the northwesterly winds do turn our direction, we could have more serious storms, as the colder air, interacts, with the unseasonable warmth, which we've had all of January. But, hopefully this will pass mildly, and our warm temps will continue through into February... then, just a few weeks until spring. On the state of the 'Big Picture,' tonight... we're never too sure, quite what lurks, in the choppy waters, of the ocean

inlet... with not only ocean acidification having done its share of damage, to sea life, and environments... widely publicized, and other, less known of oil and other chemical spills... radioactive water leaks, into the ocean, and groundwater, are playing mischief us games with our imagination... we find ourselves in a land, of mythic beasts, yet again.

'The ancient myths, and legends, are as alive today, as they have ever been.' The arising of, and future presence of, anomalies in the visible, naked eye heavens, such as super novae, two of which are expected to bloom forth into the sky maps, within this century, or much sooner... such could explain the strange political and socio cultural beasts, and monstrosities of the past five hundred years. The zodiac, may be entering a time of mutating constellations, and signs... for example, when the red giant, Betelgeuse, goes

supernova, Orion, the hunter, will have a bright red
rupture, issuing from his right
shoulder. No one knows, what this could do, or has
already done, unto the Earth time
tapestry, stretching from years ago, possibly, far into
the distant future. Is Orion really a
soldier, or gladiator... and, is he hurt? Do animals read
the stars, and constellations?
These new meanings and significances may take time
to evolve. Animals are always
outside, at night. Do mother rabbits, impart unto their
young, knowledge of the images
and patterns, in the night sky? Such might well, depend
mainly upon whether the
rabbits' distance eyesight, is good... You see? And a
dog, I'm sure could be shown the
constellations, by its master.. (Some dogs, like police
K nine dogs, and guide dogs, are
as good as, or better, at sizing up situations, and
smelling danger, than people.) I mean,

wild animals, may only lack the names, and numbers,,
for stars and constellations, or
they might use their very own language, imparting
such to their young, in the intimacy
of the nest. Zoo ology, today, is upon these questions.
Aside from changes, in the
zodiac, the Western Hemisphere, maybe the whole
world, is experiencing dramatic
temperature increases. As mentioned earlier, all fifty
states in the U S chalked the all
time high record temperature, in twenty sixteen. My
guess, is that methane bloom, from
the earths frozen, but melting poles, is already
happening.

We, I think, have a new large percentage componant,
to the air we breathe. Very little
doubt here. And, so it is common knowledge, that sea
levels are rising... As ocean maps
are being updated, all the time, minus some of the
sandy islands, and up croppings, of

yesterday. So, to me, these I've listed are the big players, in the 'Big Picture....'

Pollution, zodiac alterations, and climate change, appear to be converging... so, changing is, or will become necessary, for the human species, this century, in order to survive, in the manner, we're accustomed to, in the West.

Anyways, today, most of our group, is watching on television, the swearing in of our new president. We've got partly sunny skies, and the temperature, is warm. This is Friday morning, and I sit here, writing these words to you now. Will we keep, and maintain, these strange, warm temperatures, right on into spring, or will we have to deal with sub freezing weather again this year? Time will tell. I can easily remember the March of nine teen ninety three snow storm, where as much as a foot of snow fell, as far south as the middle of our state. My guess, is that

there is still plenty time, for the weather to change. So,
we don't really know, for sure...
could be either way. At any rate, later, the same
evening, I sit writing, and thinking of,
how I have been feeling, in the recent days, and weeks.
While, I don't lack in the good
feelings, to make my day to day experience, pleasant...
I am, at times feeling anxious,
over little things, kind of like, there's a strict new rule,
just to the future, coming back, in
time, and affecting my feelings in the here and now. I
wonder, does anyone else, ever
feel this way? Sometimes, anxiety, when felt in this
invisible, unexplained way, points
to a conflict of interest, so to speak... as in how a
serious earthquake, for example,
sometimes comes uncomfortably close, to a special
occasion, or special observance,
very much like what happened, just after the summer
olympics' closing ceremonies, last

year... when a very serious earthquake struck in the land, which first started the olympic tradition, the land now known as Italy. Since the astral plane, which is visible through the agency of the pineal gland, the awakened third eye, is at times a very strange, and seemingly backward sort of no place, much like the quantum world, of such upside down effects as, non locality, and reverse causation, I wonder, could my anxiety, be ascribed to a near future natural disaster, such as an earthquake? (My anxiety, may have recently come, after a smattering of strong tremors was felt, just yesterday, after months of quiet, in the exact same place, as the Italian earthquake, mentioned above. So, you see.) So, we don't know how, or why, or even if, these sort of 'conflicts of interests,' come to be, or why they can produce such anxiety, before the fact. As a matter of fact,

we don't even know much about some of our anxieties,
at all. Maybe, we're afraid, of
our own immortality. The reasons why, we feel the
anxiety, aren't always clear. So, we
often look unto the future, and wonder. But, as I've
gotten older, I've seen more and
more of how, the future will take care of its own. I see
how, today, questions have
answers... when you look hard enough. Future
questions, will have their own set of
future answers. See? I first started thinking about this,
when I thought of how, given
the terrible wars and destruction, certain areas of the
world are finding almost on a
regular basis, these days.... I thought how the future, in
those lands, as if it isn't already,
will only become a breeding ground, for deep, and
complex social issues.... what awful
imbalanced, polarized social illness, could come of
those places? And, then I began to

see, how, the only ones who seem to have those special abilities, and powers, to deal with those sensitive wounds, are the children of today. Tomorrows world will bring with it a whole lot of love, to soothe and heal, those special regrets, and complexes. Tomorrows world, I feel will have an entirely different relationship, and orientation, unto social illness.... our young people, will stand in the gap, and be the solutions, we need, with their special empathic abilities, rather, than just complaining about the problems we're in. We in the present, are weak... for we didn't for see. Tomorrows children will have the healing and mending powers... just like that ï¿½ You see? Knock and the door will be opened. Seek, and you will find. Ask of the world a question, and you'll get so many good answers. This is the way of change. 'Well, all of this, is good, I

think, to be called at one, in time. Anyway, I've really needed to get these thoughts written down. I wouldn't want this good work, to pass me by, un noticed. The music, I'm listening to now, forms a gently soothing, slow turning symphonic accompany ment, to this nights' writing. I feel, for a moment, as if in the realm of dreams... where quiet voices have a great power, to stir, the soul... awakening, and alerting, myself, unto the dream itself, and making sense of its haze of subconscious bliss. Arising, then, from the encompassing matrix, of narratives, and situations, I feel awake, indeed, and alive; I wish to write... and to un tangle and describe the various places, and story lines. But unfortunately, this is as far fetched as something like, myself trying to listen in upon, and grasp, and hold onto the quantum shape maps... of an impossibly fantastic sort of

dream world, while, some one I care for, miles away,
in real time, parallel fashion,
listens to one of my audio book chapters.... and I'm
swept right along, with them, in an
river of new experience, and wholly different context. I
imagine, how in this fantasy
world, I'm carried along, in a flowing, echoing, inertial
multiplex hologram, of the
reverse side of everything, where I'm getting only bits
and pieces of data, most like
impressions, from across a telepathic, quantum
linkage... the persons' imaginal
subconscious under world, imparted through an sort of
'quantum logic link...',
something, like that... where, any real computer
linkage, mine, with theirs, is
nonexistant; however, in this imagining, I however,
have power to lock onto, their
minds' 'digital certificate,' so to speak, and inductively,
and deductively, get a kind of

quantum inferenced impression... however noisy... of
their current sensory content...

and even this is full of exaggerated, and emotively
suggestive surrealities, and as if over
an upside down, inside out television. But, I might
would suggest, we sometimes are
immersed, within this kind of river, of imagination,
when we dream, at night. Haven't
you ever awakened from a dream, and looked back,
trying to grasp, and put words and
labels, unto the faces and places. Sounds easy, but its
as difficult as trying to read and
understand a different and separate persons contexts,
and core causes, and reasons for
being, just through imagination, with no data, no
information. But, really, your guess is
as good as mine... as to whether, this is what some
dreams are comprised of, or not. It
only stands to reason, though, that I imagine, being
swept along in rivers of sensory

information... myself publishing this audio journal, and other audio music, often incorporating environmental nature sounds... life, for me, is a river... an rushing river, seen through the experience of music. Anyways, today is Monday. As I stepped outside, just now, I noticed our wends have shifted, and now appear to be warmer, and from out of the south south west. Saturday, and Sunday, just yesterday, there were tornadoes, in the south of our state, and in the adjoining states to the south. Many homes and businesses were destroyed, and there were eight teen casualties in the region. Last night, before bed, the wends had grown cold, and blustery. So, the warmer gusts today, should raise our outside temperatures, and bring back some of the unseasonable weather, we've had here, since the first of the year. But by the end of the week, low temps here

should be back down into the twenties. So, I don't know... but the nations' over all climate, is definitely hotter, this year, which I would contend, is the result of the rising methane levels in the atmosphere, trapping and holding in the heat from the sun.

Methane is a greenhouse gas. The good thing, is that this methane, won't hang around forever... it dissipates, and degrades, after ten to twenty years. How much new methane will be released by the melting perma frost at the earths poles, isn't known. This ice, some of it, is hundreds of feet deep. So, if you worry like I do, you see, how this permafrost melting could expo nate, spiking the temperature on the globe to dangerous levels. What might happen then, is you could have a dust producing event, like a meteorite strike, or a volcano, which creates a situation, in which the sunlight cannot

penetrate the atmosphere... which could result in a lot of snow fall, which could create a snowball earth, as the atmospheric methane levels dissipate. So, yes, I feel there is cause for concern. But I'm not a climate scientist... I just have thoughts on this... I have a voice. At any rate, you can see, had I not been still, and explored upon the blank notebook page, today, I might never would have seen, and written these ideas. So, I am grateful, again, for this practice. Well, I've touched upon many areas of thought, since beginning this chapter... the triune intersection, of the hand, eye, mind perspective... the divine importance of the human consciousness, and its essential, intrinsic nature, in the coming to be of the world... the varieties of waking, conscious society relationships, and social institutions, we encounter, and work with on a daily basis... and

how this conscious world, is bounded, by the
subconscious ocean, and vast unconscious
sky... and of how through strong appreciation, of this
triune, in process of writing, the
results can only be great... I touched also, upon the
needs, for some, to abandon the 'art
of the material plane,' with its seemingly endless,
traps, and pitfalls... the transpersonal
journey, to a more cogent expression, and the power of
'letting go, letting God,' in
overcoming chemical abuse, and addiction. I also
noticed, and wrote of the passive
time, in writing... and of how waiting upon the quietest
direction, leads your mind, by a
very subtle reaching... in fashioning a sentence, or
paragraph, in your head... and how
this is the best time to write... I spoke also of the
factors which influence weather, the
importance of sunlight, and water... and of transmuting
of day to day strife, into sensible,

insightful thought, by 'taking refuge,' in writing... I
thought and wrote of the poetic, in
writing... and its intrinsic timely qualities... I wrote of
the poetry, of New Years' Eve,
and of the mystical experience, of imagined death...
and how this changes your
perspective... climate change, came up, as well, as the
'knowledge of Genesis,' and how
parental role modeling can build this in a young
persons' mind, and life... I related the
various weather conditions we've had where I've lived,
since Autumn.... and of the
darkness just before dawn, and how this is illumined
by a breakthrough, taking the form
of new writing, onto the empty page... and the life
changing power, of first seeing this
shift... the power, of writing itself, as in for collecting
your thoughts, for instance, upon
the Big Picture, and of my views on this... (pollution,
zodiac changes, and climate

change, being the Big Players, in the Earths' emerging future...) I wrote of non locality, and reverse causation, as in anxiety, and of looking unto the future, and of how today's youth hold the keys, to solving the futures' problems... and the intertwining natures, of music, and the dreams we have at night... the innate magical ways, of this... and lastly, the causes of the Earth's present warming trend, especially, methane outgassing, from the Earths' frozen, but melting poles. And now, I find myself, almost to the end of this chapter, and wish to save, and mix down, the audio recording of this writing. Anyways, it's seven thirty on this Monday evening, and I am feeling a bit of the fatigue, of the day... I'll be glad, to get my nicotine break, and get to bed. It's the next day, and I've been sitting here for the past ten minutes, thinking... remembering, how vast and

difficult, 'the journey,' was.... from illegal drug user, to straight... from the dense, unto the light. Modern writers, speak of the pineal gland, with respects unto growing up, and out of puberty, or adolescence. But such really boils down to, finding the way, or ways, to lessen the awful headaches, life can bring. Whether to push down, or pull up... tubes and dreaming of tubes, and passages, anything and every imagining of all kinds of things, to do with your eyes and your point of concentration... pulling in, upon the visual picture, or pushing outward, radiating... imaginings around the notions, of how the pyramid, when visualized, can sort of de fuse some migraines... the triad, or three way intersection, the crucible, of creation. Through the difficult years, headaches, of course, are the biggest problem... because, simply, you're still doing those same things, and

making the same mistakes, which result in suffering for yourself... breaking the law, or breaching societies definition of normal, are what I speak of... narcotics... pill popping to get high... illicit acts, like shop lifting, or breaking into abandoned buildings, for instance. You know, someone saw you go in there, and the word gets around, and everyone in the neighborhood, is talking and wondering what you did in there... the police find out, and you're stuck with a migraine... in bohemian living, anything you're doing, can compound itself, and become difficult exponentially... alcohol, cars, women, who saw what, all of that is endless... Everyone knows, when you're addicted, when you're engaging in risky behaviors. Everyone, including mental health professionals, and the police. People know where you go, and when you come back. While they may

excuse you, for lack of facts, they still blame you when things go wrong. That's a migraine. Someone's got to take the cut, and its you. Walking around in public, with filthy clothes on, long, greasy hair... the counselor on her way to the health department, drives past, and sees you. There's talk at the office. They all agree you're sick, and need help. You see? So, but as the years pass, and you somehow manage to stay out of trouble... as the dire need, to lessen migraines increases in importance, you'll find yourself sitting , or laying still more often, and the illicit behavior, you'll find to lessen, over time... by default, your fears and insecurities, are plenty discouragement, away from those risky behaviors, and illicit deeds. For, the fear becomes real, and you soberly feel bad, for your sin, and fear what might happen next... you'll stay straight, gradually,

and you'll find less suffering. So, see? Appearances matter, crime has punishment, actions have consequences. The same thing every time. It gets old, and you'll give it up. Maybe by that time, your head aches, are less, and you feel better, in general. Then, hopefully, if you haven't done too much damage, you'll be seen as a recovered drug user, and can then take a place in society. So, you see, all of these things, will happen in the borderline persons' life. All these little ins and outs, all the desperation, and desolation, and hopefully, you'll figure out, how this world, can be way too much for one alone, to carry... you'll see the logic, of staying around people, and time will pass, and you'll be in the clear, and stay out of trouble. Well, at any rate, you see some of the things I think about, from time to time. But, in truth, if I hadn't kept this record, and wrote these

things down, then, they would have been pretty meaningless... people go years and years, and never notice, that they have thoughts, and waking dreams... these stories just wash over them, and they never differentiate, one from the next. This is the way it looks, and sounds, when I externalize my day to day thoughts, and dreams. I am someone, who keeps to myself, most of the time. So, this writing, and music, lets me hear, and see myself... blessings which more social and outgoing people, get through another kind soul... seeing yourself, through the eyes of others, is something special about group living arrangements, which, when you feel good, most of the time, is as soothing as sweet music, and gentle words. So, in my inner dialogue, these are some of the conversations, I would have with you if you were around me much. They only stay inside, when I'm not

writing. I've been blessed, by writing this chapter, and have managed to keep all of the other areas of my life up to date, and current, as well. This is like multi tasking. Finding time to write, in the morning, noon, and night, I've input these ideas, as I've written them. I hope everyone who reads these words, or hears them set to music can see... disabled people, like myself, who stay in group, boarding, and foster homes, are some of the most interesting people, you might meet. I don't say this lightly, for I know societies views on people like me, are pretty narrow. But most everyone here, has hidden abilities, or knows how to work, how to get things done... and patience, and vision, are qualities, which these men and women have in spades. And these are gifts, which the world needs more of, right now. Understanding other people, men and women,

isn't always easy, in real life. But for those willing, and unafraid, this kind of close group, can finish everything, a good mother started. This can be like just socialization. When I first began in group living, I had spent the previous ten years, living as a hermit, and practically never socializing, except for visits with my parents. I've grown up, in so many, many ways, and have many, not a few, good friends to thank for it. So, these are my thoughts today. Well, I'll try and finish up this writing... supper time, is just thirty minutes away, and I'm hungry. There's nothing like having plenty to eat when you're hungry. Have a good spring, and summer, and I hope to be back writing soon. All for now, Greg.